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TRANSMISSION AT
BOOK RATES.

WEEK ENDING APRIL 1, 1899.

ENTERED AT
STATIONERS' HALL.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]



The Herald of Spring

**March
April May**

Are the Best Months in Which to

Purify Your Blood

And the Best Medicine to Do It Is

**Hood's
Sarsaparilla**

*Great Britain's
Greatest Spring Medicine*

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New
Size
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Price

IN THE OLDEN TIME it was the custom for Heralds from the ancient college at arms to go about England inquiring into the legality of titles, arms, crests, etc. Those who could not show their authority for oldic insignia were fined or degraded. The modern Herald of Spring gives warning of the best season to look after one's health, and tells the best medicine with which to do it. The wear and tear of winter, exposure and lack of proper care for health are shown in the impure blood and the debilitated system, which must soon pay heavy penalty if not looked after. NOW is the time to save health and even life, if the warning of the Herald of Spring is heeded. Take Hood's Sarsaparilla. Great Britain's Greatest Spring Medicine. It will purify your blood, invigorate your kidneys and liver, tone your stomach and give you a good appetite, and put you in perfect condition for the whole summer. Hood's Sarsaparilla is sold by chemists at 1/1½, 2/6 and 4/6. Sent by post for 1/3, 2/6 or 4/6.

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Rheumatism.—"Early in the winter I was unable to walk, but since taking Hood's Sarsaparilla am free from rheumatism, able to walk well and rapidly." JOHN McKERNAN, Bank Place, Rathkeale, Ireland.

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Signature.....
Available from 5 p.m., Friday, March 24th, 1899, until midnight, Saturday, April 1st, 1899. For full particulars see page 708.

No. 454.]

TRANSMISSION AT
BOOK RATES.

WEEK ENDING APRIL 1, 1899.

ENTERED AT
STATIONERS' HALL.

[ONE PENNY.]

A Gentle Hint.

OCCUPYING a lovely situation near a North Country town there stands a mansion with a flat roof. Last autumn the owner decided to have it thoroughly overhauled, and gave instructions to different tradesmen to proceed with the work.

The plumbers had a good deal to do upon the roof, and, being out of sight, as they thought, did not over-work themselves.

When the painters came to do their part the owner of the mansion called the foreman aside and showed him a number of snap-shot photographs, representing men on the roof of his house. Some were sitting smoking, some were reading, and others were lying on their backs.

"Why," said the astonished foreman, "these are Jones's plumbers!"

"Exactly," responded the owner, "and these snap-shots explain why they took such a long time over the job."

The painters did not waste any time.

"TOBACCO dances are the latest thing in America," says a paper. We remember attending a tobacco dance twenty years ago, when our father caught us smoking a cheap cigar in the back garden. St. Vitus never began to step so lively as we did!

HUBBY: "I feel all anyhow this morning. I'm afraid those lobsters I ate last night didn't agree with me."

WIFEY: "I was afraid they wouldn't. They were green when I bought them, and I told the fish man I didn't think they were ripe, and he said they always come that way."

Simple Water Tests.

LONDON drinking water is very good as a rule, though quite frequently the cry is raised that it is contaminated and not fit to drink. Water is always safest when it has been first boiled, but many claim that this destroys the natural flavour. It is true it does, and it is not at all necessary unless the water is extraordinarily bad.

There are a few simple tests that the careful person may apply if there be any doubt. One is, to pour a half-pint of water into a wide-mouthed jar, close the mouth and shake violently for a minute. If an offensive odour can be detected by smelling it, the water is contaminated, probably by sewage.

Another test is to take a wineglass of water and add two drops of dilute sulphuric acid, and enough of permanganate potassium to tinge the water a faint pink. Cover the vessel with a saucer. If, after fifteen minutes, the pink tinge is still visible, the water is probably wholesome.

Sodium chloride may indicate proximity to the seashore, or it may indicate contamination by sewage. To ascertain its presence, pour a little solution of nitrate of silver into a carefully cleaned glass, and see that it remains transparent; then pour in the water.

If a strong milkiness appears, drop in a little dilute nitric acid; if the milkiness still remain there is much sodium chloride present. To test for lead in water, fill a glass tumbler and place it on a piece of white paper. Add a drop or two of dilute nitric acid and then a little hydrosulphuric acid; if lead be present, a dark brown tinge will be seen in the water when it is looked at from above.

MRS. FUSSEY: "So you don't want me to sit in your lap, eh? You used to say once I was the light of your life."

MR. FUSSEY: "Yes, but you've grown heavier since."

"JOHNNY, what is the name of the Australian weapon that returns when it is thrown violently forward into the air?"

"The boomerang."

"Is there anything else known to science that has that peculiar property?"

"Yes'm. The cat."

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Three Flowers.

BUTTERCUP, poppy, forget-me-not—

These three bloomed in a garden spot.

And once, all merry with song and play,

A little one heard three voices say:

"Shine or shadow, summer or spring—

O, thou child with the tangled hair

And laughing eyes—we three shall bring

Each an offering passing fair!"

The little one did not understand,

But they bent and kissed the dimpled hand.

Buttercup gambolled all day long,

Sharing the little one's mirth and song;

Then, stealing along on misty gleams,

Poppy came, bringing sweetest dreams.

Playing and dreaming—that was all,

Till once the sleeper would not wake;

Kissing the little face under the pall,

We thought of the words the third flower spake,

And we found, betimes, in a hallowed spot,

The solace and peace of forget-me-not.

Buttercup shareth the joy of day,

Glinting with gold the hours of play;

Bringeth the poppy sweet repose,

When the hands would fold and the eyes would close.

And after it all—the play and the sleep

Of a little life—what cometh then?

To the hearts that ache, and the eyes that weep,

A wee flower bringeth God's peace again.

Each one serveth its tender lot—

Buttercup, poppy, forget-me-not!

"It's not dark enough yet," she whispered as she peered eagerly up and down the street.

"There's no one in sight," he replied after a careful survey.

"But someone may come round that corner at any minute and recognise us, and then I should want to die."

"Well, then, we'll wait a bit."

What dreadful deed did those two contemplate doing? He was about to give her her first lesson in riding a bicycle.

5,750,000,000 Meals for £250.

It is really amazing what wonderful and intricate combinations can be worked out in figures. An illustration of one of these peculiarities was given P.W. by a student from one of the university towns.

A few years ago there was—and still is, for that matter—an eating club which comprised twelve members. They patronised regularly a favourite little inn where special attention was given to them.

One day one of the members of this little party received quite unexpectedly a little legacy of £250. Showing the cheque which he had received to the hotel proprietor, he remarked jocularly that he would give him the cheque there and then if he would receive it as prepayment for the meals of the club until every possible combination of the seating arrangements of the students had been exhausted, the order of the seating of the young men to be changed at each meal.

The proprietor thought it a very profitable deal and he accepted the offer. The arrangement was very satisfactory for a time, until another student, learning of it, and having a mathematical turn of mind, proved to the inn-keeper that it would mean his ruin, since no fewer than 479,001,600 changes were possible, and this multiplied by twelve would give 5,748,019,200 individual meals.

This number of meals at sixpence each, a ridiculously low figure, per *laps*, but it will serve the purpose, would mean the very tidy sum of £862,202,880.

This amount could never be spent, of course, for, allowing the twelve students four years at college, in that time they would have eaten only something less than 50,000 individual meals, and would still have had to their credit more than 5,747,950,000 meals, or enough to give them three meals a day for 479,000 odd years.

The matter, however, was compromised, each student paying his *pro rata* share for the time the plan had been in existence, the one getting his cheque back, and the innkeeper putting up a jolly good spread.

Dining on a Volcano.

YOU may eat your dinner on top of Vesuvius at the Paris Exposition, and have a look at Dante's Inferno inside the crater.

The miniature Vesuvius is the idea of a M. Jodice. He promises to supply real lava and real flames, and the general characteristics of the mountain just as it looks.

There will likewise be a funicular railway at Vesuvius, restaurants, cafés, and peepshows on the way up, and inside the volcano itself M. Jodice proposes to have living pictures, with representations of scenes from Dante's "Hell," "Purgatory," and "Paradise."

Another scheme—that of M. Deloncle's lunar telescope—is already on the road to realisation. This big spyglass is being fabricated on the Boulevard Arago, not far from the Observatory, by M. Gautier, and promises to be one of the leading features of the Exhibition, which is now in full course of active preparation, in spite of all the rumours of wars and revolutions.

MAUD: "Why did you break your engagement with poor Tom Hotchkiss?"

EDITH: "Hush, don't tell anyone, but he was growing so horribly fat. When grief has pulled him down a bit I shall take him on again."

SUSAN: "Oh, Mr. Milkman, please missus objects to your milk. We keep findin' bits o' wood an' things in it."

IMPETURABLE SIMPSON: "It's all right. The fact is, our cow has got a wooden leg."

Wanted to be Kicked.

"Yes, yes," smiled the old countryman, as he stood talking to a city chap who seemed to know him, "there's a lot o' tricks played on the kentymen; they gits took in lots of times. But I tell you that sharper that tries to draw wool over my eyes'll find me one too many for him."

"I'll bet you are a good one," answered the stranger, patronisingly. "I can tell a man when he's green."

The rustic poked him in the side, and pulling down his eye, laughed: "D'ye see any green there?"

"Not a bit of it," merrily replied the other; then in an advising tone he continued: "I've seen more of the world than you have, and would like to say that the most important action is concealing the money."

"Oh, I've worked that all right," broke in the countryman, pointing to his left sleeve, "d'ye see that ere little bump? Well, the cash is inside of the linin' and nobody can take it out 'thout me knowin' it."

A few minutes after they parted, the countryman going into a clothier's shop to do some buying. He had his purchase, and was waiting for the bill, when one of the shopmen approached him and said:

"Can I sell you a nice coat?"

"Not me," answered the farmer. "I've got all the clothes I want."

"But I see the sleeve of the one you have on has been torn or cut, and if you wish, one of the ladies will mend it for you."

With a ghastly look, the farmer jerked off his coat and viewed the wrecked sleeve.

Then turning to the assistant, he said sorrowfully:

"Mister, can ye tell me whar I kin git a stout, heavy man to kick a silly fool back to where he came from?"

HE: "Don't you think it wrong for people to marry their intellectual inferiors?"

SHE: "Yes—always wrong, and in some cases quite impossible."

"COLONEL BROWN," remarked a chappie, "is the finest after-dinner speaker I know of."

"Why?" said his friend with some astonishment. "I never heard he had any ability in that direction at all."

"Well, he has. I've dined with him several times at various places, and after dinner he always says: 'That's all right, my boy, I'll pay for it.'"

"THAT'S FROM P.W.!"

MURIEL'S DIAMONDS.

BY E. J. PRICE.

EDGAR NEALE, the cynic, yawned, and Archie Douglas, the youngster, caught the infection. Then the occupants of the Smoke-Room followed suite in splendid style. Neale was generally considered too lazy even to yawn, so his action was on this dull November evening considered by his fellow clubmen to be of sufficient import to call for comment.

"You are getting too fat, Neale," ventured his neighbour. "Try a motor-cycle; if the exercise won't reduce your ponderosity and cure you of grampus-like yawns, the novelty and the effluvia mixed will."

Douglas did not this time follow his senior's lead, but joined in the conversation with:

"I did my best to save him from syncope through laziness by challenging him at billiards, till I found that the only vacant table was the one next to that on which that fellow Pemberton was playing. I don't care to play even in the same room with him. Why isn't he at home with his wife instead of thrusting his company upon us?"

"My dear fellow, I am glad you were spared the double humiliation of defeat, and the witness thereof by the man you choose to dislike. I think, however, your remarks are at least unguarded. I know I surprise you, but I must tell you that you are unjust to him."

"Oh, but look at this ostentatious display of his filthy lucre!" blurted out the youngster. "If he can afford to subscribe £200 to the West Indian Relief Fund, he need not make it so public. He has the bearing of a tradesman, and not that of a gentleman."

"Softly my lad," rejoined the reputed cynic in tones so gentle that all trace of cynicism was lost.

"Then there is the case of poor Gus Darrell. It is common talk that Pemberton was responsible in some way or another for his downfall," persisted his relentless accuser. "Then those diamonds that were lost—there is something very suspicious about that affair—"

"Ah! Diamonds! What would you say if I told you all about that mysterious problem?" queried Neale.

Every man within hearing jumped to his feet at this bomb thrown amongst them. Neale knew all about the diamonds stolen from the neck of Muriel Ross in her mother's house, and in the presence of the donor—Horace V. Pemberton—her affianced husband! Here was the material to hand for a splendid yarn! The very thing to pass the hour that was hanging so heavily on their hands!

"Fire away, Neale. Dish up that story quick. Not too much tripping though—get straight to the point," they cried in one breath.

"Thought that would wake up the slumberers," laughed the cynic. "I won't disappoint you. Any man who will pledge his word not to repeat my story may follow Douglas and myself to the private room upstairs. Bring me whisky and soda and a good cigar, and I'll start at once."

"The late lamented Mr. Algernon Ross left to mourn his loss," said Neale, with a preparatory cough and gargle, "a widow and three children. The eldest, Muriel, who has lately married Douglas's friend Pemberton, is, as you know, a beautiful, accomplished woman. The two younger children are schoolboys named Sid and Bert. Two greater Tartars in one house I have never met, and if any of you fellows ever chance to meet any of the same dare-devil Indian breed, give them a wide berth, or you'll repent it."

"This worthy and happy family lived at an old-fashioned house called 'The Homestead.' Why old Ross over-dubbed it that sentimental name, I never could imagine. He knew very little about home life, and cared less, but the title, together with the number 152 on the front gate, served its purpose well enough to distinguish from the rest of Barnardsville Road, N., his particular £100 a year domicile. I have called the house old-fashioned, but internally it is not so now, for after a seasonable and reasonable period of mourning, Mrs. Ross turned the old house inside out, and with the aid of Art decorations and electric bells, she succeeded in producing that most curious of curious anomalies—a new old house."

"So much for the house. The chief attraction in it or around it was Muriel. You all know her, and, if you didn't, you would not expect a woman-hating old self-pleaser to rave about and describe her charms. These charms, and the comfortable little income in her own right, attracted suitors by the score; but eighteen were clean left at the post. There were never more than two in the race, and those two were Pemberton and Gus Darrell."

"Darrell was the same age as Muriel, and they had been playmates together. He was a journalist of distinct ability and great promise; but promise is a very unsubstantial thing to live on in the present, and poor Gus suffered from a chronic shortness of funds. Seeing that he made the Homestead his second home, and that the two youngsters before-mentioned took him there whenever he was inclined to stay away, you would have thought he had the very best chance, for Muriel certainly liked him immensely."

"But it was not to be. Pemberton came, saw, and conquered."

"The precise workings of the feminine heart and mind which made the choice of a man ten years her senior, and a reputed hard, unpolished business man to boot, I am not able to determine. We may dismiss at once any thought of mercenary considerations, for the lady knew little of his high standing in the commercial world. I have heard that when he cares to display it, Pemberton can furnish a standard of conversational perfection that many a college man would envy. He has a grasp, too, of subjects which you would pardon a man of letters being ignorant of. These accomplishments may furnish the secret of his success, or they may not—the fact remains that he became a devoted lover, and poor Gus had to witness the whole affair with as good a grace as he could muster."

"The first indication Muriel observed of Pemberton's wealth was a magnificent diamond pendant she received from him about a month after the betrothal ring, on her twenty-first birthday. The ring was simple, but good, but the pendant must have cost him nearly £1,000."

"Muriel was at first intoxicated with rapture as she saw the magnificent jewels flashing out at her in a blaze of fiery light, and yet so exquisite was the setting and so tasteful the design that one almost forgot their awesome grandeur in their beauty."

"When, however, she viewed in the glass the reflected picture as they hung on her neck and danced and sparkled like myriads of stars, she cried: 'Take them back, Horace dear, they are altogether too lovely and too grand for me.'"

"It is on record (I blush to say I had it from Sid, the elder lad, who was in the room unannounced as usual) that Horace V. P. responded with a lovely sentiment."

"The Homestead was full of people every day and every evening after this. The news of the engagement and the fame of the jewels traveled to every casual acquaintance the Ross family had ever made, and the way lapsed claims to friendship were re-worked was simply astounding."

"In the circumstances, Gus Darrell carried himself remarkably well. In a cellar which ran under the roadway he and the lads rigged up a scientific laboratory and play-room combined. He wrote scientific and other articles in the library, stayed to dinner and made Mrs. Ross an excellent partner at whist in the evening against Muriel and Horace."

"Packed off to bed again," grumbled Sid one night as they ascended to their bed-room. "I'd like to pay off a few old scores on the sickening crowd downstairs."

"It's a beastly shame," assented Bert. "They are going to have dancing, too, to-night. 'Spose we shall be kept awake half the night, and then grumbled at because we don't get up at seven in the morning."

"Bert, I've a lovely revenge for you. I should die laughing to see it, but we mustn't. Shh," and he whispered his plan. After they had turned out every light they could find in the house, except in the kitchen, where the three servants were, and in the drawing-room—to which, of course, they had no access—the young conspirators entered their room."

"In the drawing-room all was gaiety. Mrs. Ross, turning a deaf ear to Muriel's entreaties for a quiet evening, had persuaded every caller, invited or uninvited, to stay. The fact was, after so many years of dull ennui in old Ross's time, the good lady was getting quite frisky in her freedom."

"A set of lancers was in full swing. 'Never mind if you are not in evening dress,' said the hostess. 'You can dance just as well surely without. I want all the life I can get for a few months; I shall lose Muriel soon, and then I shall be lonely enough.'"

"Pemberton was Muriel's partner. Her white neck showed off to perfection his gift, which she wore to please him. Darrell presided at the piano. They whirled past him just as Martin, the new manservant—who was butler, footman, or waiter as occasion demanded—was trying to dodge by with a cup of coffee for Mrs. Ross."

"Suddenly all was darkness—the gas had gone out!"

"Such a scene of confusion followed! The music ceased, for Pemberton and his partner capsize the pianist, who, in turn, upset poor Martin, coffee and all. Guests ran to the door, to find it locked on the outside!"

"Has no one a match?" shouted some timid lady.

"Thus adjured, the startled gentlemen recollected they were in the habit of carrying such useful articles. Half-a-dozen were offered at once, and the gas, which was discovered to be still in full force, was relighted."

"When everybody had finished laughing at everybody else's discomfiture, and had duly sorted themselves from the different ludicrous situations they had occupied in the three minutes' darkness, the cause of the phenomenon was discussed."

"It is evident from the two facts of the locked door and the gas being still in supply that the cause must be sought outside," said Pemberton.

"The turning of the key in the lock, the sound of retreating scampering on the stairs, and a burst of explosive laughter confirmed his theory. The two lads had tasted revenge by removing the burner from the gas-bracket in their bedroom, and blowing down the pipe with all their lung-power till the other lights in the house went out."

"Muriel's laughter at the boys' monkey turned to a wail as she caught sight of herself in the mirror."

"Horace, dear," she said. "Look! MY DIAMONDS ARE GONE!!!"

"Gone!" he cried, "impossible! You must have dropped them. They are in the room somewhere—they must be—I saw them myself as we were dancing."

"A quarter of an hour's search revealed nothing. The carpet was turned back, the piano dissected, every article of furniture removed from its place and yet all in vain."

"Gus Darrell whispered some query to Martin, who nodded emphatically in response."

"Mr. Ross, Muriel, ladies and gentlemen," he said. "I am sure we are all deeply sorry for the untoward incident of which we are unwilling spectators. A lovely diamond pendant has been lost in this room within the last twenty minutes. No one has entered—no one has left the room. The windows are closed—the fire is burning in the grate; therefore, the pendant has not left the room either by door, window, or firegrate, and there are no cupboards in the room. I have spoken to Martin, and on behalf of the guests and the one servant present I propose that Mr. Pemberton search the gentlemen and Mrs. Ross the ladies. I am, myself, willing to be the first searched."

"A murmur of assent went round the room. All were searched. Nothing was found that threw any light on the fate of the missing pendant."

"I am deeply obliged to you all—as I am sure Mrs. Ross and her daughter are also—for the readiness with which you have submitted to this unpleasant ordeal," said Pemberton. "We must smile at the whole affair now, and write

it down as an inscrutable mystery. Diamonds are easily replaced, and, now that everyone of the company can feel that no suspicion can possibly attach itself to them, I think the matter had better rest there. By-the-way, Darrell," he said, with a smile, "keep it out of your rag of a journal!"

"Never fear; I will keep a discreet silence," promised Gus, and the company dispersed."

"Now, my boys, I am getting dry. Another whisky and-soda, please, before I finish the yarn," said Neale, as he relit his cigar.

Douglas, the youngster, chipped in with: "I'll finish it for you, if you are dry. I see it all; Pemberton took the pendant himself, after bribing the lads to blow gas out. He was not searched, you will observe, gentlemen! I suppose he did it to pretend he had money enough to replace it with ease. Faugh! I hate such snobbish ways!"

Neale had a tender look in his eye as he surveyed the youngster after he had sipped his beverage.

"Douglas, my lad, I am glad to be forced to tell you this story to-night. If I had heard such a story when I was your age I should never have earned my title of cynic! Now I'll finish, please."

"Pemberton stayed the night at the Homestead. He had his reasons, he said. Darrell begged hard to be allowed to keep him company, but Mrs. Ross listened to Pemberton and gently refused him."

"The plan that her future son-in-law propounded seemed to her very feasible. 'The only person we can now suspect is Martin,' said he, 'and I shall not allow him out of my sight till morning. If he has planted the jewels anywhere, some confederate will be here for them soon.'"

"It was arranged that the two men should sleep on the ground floor. Pemberton loaded his revolver, and laid down on a bed where he could watch Martin. Now I have told you that the house was really an old-fashioned one, and the cellar underneath the roadway, which I have mentioned as used by the boys as a playroom and workshop, is a proof of it. This was the most vulnerable part of the house, as it could be entered either by the cellar-flap, or from the door, which was easily reached by dropping over from the railings above. This was the point which Pemberton imagined a would-be intruder would choose."

"He was not mistaken. About four in the morning he was startled from a light doze by a loud report, which shook the foundations of the house and broke a dozen windows. Rushing to the spot, he saw that the cellar was wrecked. When the gas had been blown out in the house the two jets in the cellar had been extinguished also. They were overlooked in the re-lighting—the place had been filling for six hours with gas—someone had entered the cellar, had struck a match, and wrecked the place."

"By the light of a lantern, Pemberton saw the burnt and bruised and senseless body of a man, with a small black mask over his eyes—and by his side THE DIAMOND PENDANT."

"Go and pacify the ladies, Martin. I'll see to this," he cried.

"I live but a hundred yards away from the Homestead," continued Neale. "I heard the explosion, and hurriedly dressing rushed downstairs. Opening the front door, and preparing to rush off, I met Pemberton, carrying in his arms a burden."

"Brandy quick, for Heaven's sake, Neale!" he shouted.

"His burden was Gus Darrell!"

"Impossible!"

"Yes, gentlemen, the truth is told at last! Gus Darrell stole the pendant. Gus Darrell has left a sacred charge with me that I tell the truth to every man who says a word against Pemberton. Read here his letter from Australia, whither he has gone assisted by his generous rival. 'To any man doubting the goodness of Horace V. Pemberton,'"

"I, Augustus Darrell, hereby declare that I stole the pendant from the neck of Miss Muriel Ross in the drawing-room of the Homestead. With grand and noble generosity, Mr. Pemberton has spared me the pain of telling with my lips the painful story. I loved Miss Ross. I hated Pemberton. I hated the jewels he gave to the woman I loved. I was in debt—he was rich. When the boys put the room in darkness Miss Ross came quite close to me. In an instant I lightly touched the ribbon at the back of her neck and the diamonds were in my hands. I knew every inch of the room. Mrs. Ross had recently supplanted the ordinary bell by electric bells."

"The lads and I had rigged up in the space occupied by the old bell handle near the piano a speaking tube to our cellar workshop. I knew the pipe that led from the house to the cellar would allow the ornament to pass, but if it had stuck I could have easily obtained it the next day."

"Thus, within thirty seconds of the extinction of the gas, I had safely sent the jewels down the pipe. When I entered the cellar in the middle of the night my excitement completely upset my nerves, or I should have detected that the place was full of gas. I struck a match, and remember no more till I awoke with Mr Pemberton and Mr Neale standing over me."

"All that I shall ever be in this world I owe to them!"

GUS DARRELL."

As the letter was handed back to Neale a deep sigh escaped the company.

"I shall go at once and apologise to Pemberton," cried impulsive Douglas.

"I fear I have not cured your rash thoughtlessness yet, young man, however much I may have increased your stock of charitable feelings. Do you forget that this story is in the strictest confidence? Be careful that you let nothing I have told you pass your lips, for Mrs. Darrell, Mrs. Ross, and Mrs. H. V. Pemberton implicitly believe that Gus was called away that very night to fulfil a journalistic mission in Australia, and nothing will ever be known by them of the part he enacted in the play that was so nearly a tragedy. Good-night. Anyone coming my way?"

Archie Douglas has vowed two things. First he'll never believe that Edgar Neale is a cynic, and second he'll never be one himself.

The Hundred Best Books we are issuing are not the selection of one man. They have been chosen according to the ideas of several leading men in the world of literature.

One Thousand Pounds for You.

£25 FOR A NEWSAGENT OR BOOKSTALL CLERK. £5 FOR EACH OF THE BOOKSTALL BOYS. £50 FOR WITNESSES.

6 To win this substantial sum of money, all you have to do is to fill up the coupon below, giving in the proper place the number of births and the number of deaths which will occur in the thirty-three great towns in the United Kingdom for the week ending April 22nd, 1899.

Then write down your name and address and ask five of your friends to write their names and addresses in the spaces provided. Any coupon not bearing these names will be disqualified.

Also ask the newsagent or bookstall clerk, from whom you obtain this copy of P.W., to insert his name and address in the space provided. Although such a course is obviously to his advantage, it is not compulsory for the coupon to bear his signature.

Witnesses, newsagents, and bookstall clerks may sign any number of coupons, and competitors may sign each other's as witnesses.

To the person whose attempt is correct we will pay the sum of **£1,000**.

To the newsagent or bookstall clerk whose name appears on the winning coupon we will pay the sum of **£25**, and **£5** to each of the boys attached to the bookstall from which the paper was bought.

To each of the witnesses whose names appear on the winning coupon we will pay the sum of **£10**.

If no competitor estimates the correct number of births and deaths, the **£1,000** will be awarded to the individual whose forecast is most nearly correct.

In the event of two or more persons being correct, the **£1,000** will be divided amongst them. This condition applies also to the **£25** for the newsagent or bookstall clerk, the **£5** for bookstall boys, and the **£10** for each of the persons who sign the winning coupons.

SOME POINTS TO REMEMBER.

One competitor may send in any number of attempts, but each coupon must be signed by five persons under the conditions mentioned above.

The addresses of the five witnesses must be written in full. If, however, they are all of the same town, it will be sufficient if the sentence, "All of Bradford, or Liverpool, or Glasgow," as the case may be, is written on the margin.

It is necessary for each coupon sent in by one competitor to bear five signatures, but the same five people may sign as many coupons as they like. It is not necessary for each competitor to find a fresh set of witnesses for each coupon. Competitors may sign for one another.

There is no objection to rubber stamps being used in place of signatures.

Coupons from HOME NOTES, SHORT STORIES, M. A. P., SUNDAY READER, BIG BUDGET, PICK-ME-UP, and PASTIMES are all available in this competition.

You may keep all the coupons and send them in to reach here by the closing day if you wish.

The coupons belonging to each separate competitor must be inclosed in one envelope or parcel. Two or three competitors may not send in together.

The prize will be awarded to the competitor whose two figures are correct or most nearly correct. For example, if the correct figures are 7,000 and 3,000 respectively, the competitor

THIS PRIZE IS IN CONJUNCTION WITH "HOME NOTES," "SHORT STORIES," "SUNDAY READER," "BIG BUDGET," "PICK-ME-UP," "M. A. P." AND "PASTIMES."

Why We Turn from Left to Right.

WHEN our thoughts turn towards the Parsees, that strange sect of sun-worshippers that has retained almost intact its ancient practices and beliefs, it never occurs to us that there are traces of that form of old-time religion in the commonest actions of our daily life.

We wind a watch and turn a screw from left to right, and we think we do it because it is the only right and proper way, but if we wish to extract a screw we find the reverse process just as efficacious and easy.

We read from left to right, and when we sit down to indite an epistle to our friends our pen goes in the same direction. We open a book and a fold of note-paper at the left side; that is because we read in the same direction as the sun moves, and of course we must write in a corresponding way. But there are two points to be noted in this connection. We turn the leaves over from right to left, whereas it is really easier to do as the Jews do—begin at what we call the end and turn the leaves with the sun. And the second point is, that in writing we make the o, the tops of the g and q, as well as certain other curves, from right to left, and find it very easy.

The last-mentioned points suggest that our ordinary direction is not absolutely necessary for the due performance of our daily actions, but we seem to think it is. So deep-rooted is this belief that the majority of our worthy housewives would be horrified at the bare idea that they should vary the monotony of stirring melted butter and other culinary preparations by turning the spoon in the opposite direction.

On many farms, both in the United Kingdom and in America, there is a popular notion that if the churn be turned only once from right to left, all the work previously done in the manufacture of butter will be nullified, and the butter be no nearer than it was at the beginning.

In popular medicine there are traces of sun-worship. A person suffering from rheumatic pains often derives relief from rubbing the seat of the malady with the open hand. Among certain classes the superstition prevails that the rubbing will not be effective unless it be from left to right.

If you are requested to "turn round three times and catch whom you may," or asked to describe a circle with your eyes open, the odds are about a hundred to one that you will turn in the same direction as the hands of your watch. You could do it just as well in the reverse way; but that is not a usual proceeding, and you don't do it.

One curious instance of the survival of the superstition may be seen in New Harbour, Newfoundland. The captains of the ships are very careful that the first movement of their craft shall be from left to right.

We perform certain movements from left to right because the use of the right hand or arm facilitates motion in that direction or renders it necessary; but this in no way effects the argument that such movements are a trace of sun-worship; that ancient faith having influenced our actions, the preponderance of the right hand over the left may well have come about through copying the direction of the sun.

whose forecasts are 6,999 and 2,999 will take precedence over the competitor whose forecasts are, say, 7,000 and 2,997 respectively.

All correspondence regarding this competition must be addressed to The Editor, Pearson's Weekly, Henrietta Street, London, W.C., and NOT marked BIRTHS. Only envelopes containing coupons should be marked in this way.

It must be clearly understood that all persons who enter for this competition must abide by the decision of the Editor in any question that may arise in connection with the competition.

All attempts to be addressed to the Editor, Pearson's Weekly, Henrietta Street, London, W.C., and the envelope to be marked in the left-hand corner with the word: "Births."

As a guide to your estimate we give below the number of Births and Deaths which have taken place in the thirty-three largest towns in the United Kingdom for the corresponding period during the past three years.

Registered during the Week Ending April 25th, 1896.		Registered during the Week Ending April 24th, 1897.		Registered during the Week Ending April 23rd, 1898.	
Births.	Deaths.	Births.	Deaths.	Births.	Deaths.
6,783	4,062	6,226	3,965	7,202	3,905

The figures published by the Registrar-General will be taken as correct. On December 2nd, 1898, a competition similar to this was declared legal by the Appeal Court.

THIS COMPETITION CLOSSES ON MONDAY, APRIL 17th.

P.W.] My estimate is

Births Write in large figures.
Deaths.....

Name

Address.....

Names and addresses of five people:

1.
2.
3.
4.
5.

Newsagent or Bookstall Clerk *

* If a bookstall clerk the name of the station will be sufficient.

THE SITTING ONE: "Jones is so near-sighted, he once took a man for a giraffe."

THE STANDING ONE: "That's nothing. I once took a lady for a sail."

THE SAVAGE BACHELOR.—"Then you regard marriage as a civil contract?" asked the Sweet Young Thing.

"No," answered the Savage Bachelor. "It's rather a contraction of civility."

"WHAT are you walking over that rug so much for? Aren't you afraid that you'll wear it out?"

"You don't understand, old man. My trousers are under the rug being pressed."

"I AM in a hideous pickle. Here I've got nothing to eat, and the only thing I've got to pawn is my false teeth, and if I pawn them and buy something to eat then I can't eat it. I never was in such an awful fix in all my life."

HE: "The thing I most admire in this world is perfect frankness."

SHE: "Then let me tell you that you ought to shave off your beard before you ever eat another soft-boiled egg."

Somewhat the world seemed dark and dreary to him after that.

If you want more coupons, use those in the following papers: "Home Notes," "Short Stories," "M. A. P.," "Sunday Reader," "Big Budget," "Pick-Me-Up," and "Pastimes."

Questions Worth Answering.

REPLIES.

4457. Is it True that the Payment of the Enormous War Indemnity of £200,000,000 by France to Germany Really Benefited France, and Did More Harm than Good to Germany?

There can be no doubt as to the good that it did to France. Prior to the war there was an enormous amount of money locked up in the form of small savings. The appeal of the Government to the people set this sum into profitable motion, and, to the amazement of the world, France paid off her creditor in less than half the stipulated time. This gave a vast impulse to business enterprise of all kinds, and since then France has steadily become more wealthy. In Germany the effects were less beneficial. The huge influx of gold sent up prices with a rush. A mania for speculation set in, followed by the inevitable crisis. Most serious of all, however, was the unexpected discovery of France's strength. Bismarck intended to cripple her for ever, but he only revealed her immense power, and this, of course, necessitated the gigantic military burdens which year by year weigh more heavily upon Germany.

4458. Which Piece of British Legislation has Most Completely Defeated its Own Ends?

The Poor Law, passed in the ninth year of George I., whereby workhouses were first established. The original intention was to derive profit from the labours of the poor. As a matter of fact, they became a burden to the nation. In the reign of George II., the amount expended in relief was under three-fourths of a million. In 1775, the paupers had so increased, that the amount expended came to £1,720,000. From that period it went on rapidly increasing, and in 1818, it reached its maximum of nearly eight millions. It needed the Poor Law Amendment Act of 1834 to mend these abuses. Since then, in face of an increasing population, the sums expended have diminished.

4459. Which is the Oldest Example of Game Preserving on Record?

The progress of Assyrian science has revealed the fact that from a very early date, probably a couple of thousand years B.C., the Kings of Nineveh and Babylon established Paradises, which were neither more nor less than enormous game parks. They were so large that an army could manoeuvre in them—some say get lost. Xenophon describes one belonging to the King of Persia in 600 B.C. It is also certain that the great Egyptian nobles preserved game, both fur and feather, in similar parks. The earliest example of game preserving in our history is, of course, the making of the New Forest by William the Conqueror.

4460. Which is the First Example of a Run on a Bank?

According to Gilbart, the first recorded instance of a run on a bank occurred in 1667, when the Dutch sailed up the Thames, blew up the fort at Sheerness, set fire to Chatham, and burnt some of the ships of the line. This caused a panic in London among those who had intrusted their money to the bankers; for the latter, as was well-known, had advanced large sums to the King, and it was reported that now the King would not be able to return the money. A run on the bankers ensued, and in order to stop it a royal proclamation was issued to the effect that payments to the bankers would be made by the Exchequer as usual. In 1671 Charles II. shut up the Exchequer, and refused to pay the bankers either interest or principal of that which they had advanced. This caused a great run on the banks, and many bankers and their customers were ruined. On this occasion they lost £3,321,313.

4461. Which is the Earliest of our National Orders?

Three orders claim this honour, but on different grounds. The order of the Garter is oldest, in respect of the date of its formal institution. In fact, according to all the authorities, it is the most ancient and honourable order in the world. It was founded by Edward III. in 1349, partly to commemorate English prowess in France and Castile during the Hundred Years' War, partly as a revival of King Arthur's celebrated Knights of the Round Table. The Order of the Bath, on the other hand, was not actually established as an order till the coronation of Henry IV., who knighted forty-six squires who watched with him on the vigil of his coronation. But the tradition of the order is lost in remote antiquity; it refers to the old Frankish custom of bathing a squire before he was knighted, as a token of purity, and it can certainly be traced in England in pre-Norman days. There is also reason to suppose that there were knights of the Bath in England before the order was actually founded. Sir T. Esturmy, in 1204, and Sir Theodore le Tyas, in 1205, were Knights of the Bath, and the institution by Henry IV. was really only the revival of an old order. It is claimed for the Order of the Thistle that it was founded by King Achais, who reigned in Scotland in 787; but there is no evidence to support this, and the order was not formally established till 1687.

4462. What would be the Immediate Effects of the Adoption of a Policy of Imperial Expansion by America?

Much would depend upon whether it was entered upon alone or in alliance with another great Power. The former venture would almost inevitably clash with vested interests, seeing that of fifty-two million square miles which the earth's surface totals, thirty-two millions are already appropriated in a colonial or protectorate form. As the United States, either alone or along with other American Republics, are unfitted to wage war against a first-class Power, the result of such expansion would probably retard the progress of the States. In the other alternative everything would hinge upon whether America's ally was this country or another. The former would entail complications impossible to follow, but the latter would, in all probability, constitute so powerful a coalition that it could practically dictate terms to any possible combination of European Powers.

4463. Which Reigning Sovereign is Just Now the Most Unpopular?

For general unpopularity, both in his own country and outside it, the German Emperor probably takes the palm. The facts that he has instigated some four thousand prosecutions for *lese-majesté*, and that the Reichstag almost invariably does its best to thwart all his schemes of military and naval aggrandisement, together with the unceasing complaints of the professional and mercantile classes, justify us in saying that he is popular only with a portion of the nobility and the military class. Abroad he is regarded with amusement, tempered with dislike. In France, he is hated; in Russia, Austria, Italy, and Denmark, he is looked upon with apprehension and distrust. In this country he has never been forgiven for his outrageous telegram to Kruger, and he is, and probably always will be, generally unpopular. To America he is precious as the source of an infinity of jokes. The Sultan cannot be called a popular monarch, but a good deal of his unpopularity has been manufactured by the more fanatical portions of the British and European Press; and personally he is both amiable and popular. Certainly the late war clearly proved that his subjects were eager to fight for him. The present King of Sweden and Norway is also an unpopular monarch, but this is due to the difficulties of his position and not to any personal defect of character.

4464. In which Period were the Dealings Between the Powers Probably Most Honest?

There was never any time in modern history when the Powers were more honest in their dealings with each other than when they united to crush Napoleon Bonaparte. This was especially the case towards the end of his career. It began to be recognised before Napoleon

made himself Emperor, that the liberties of Europe were threatened, and the Powers realised that if they did not unite to oppose him, he would speedily exercise authority throughout the Continent. In 1811 the French Empire comprehended the richer half of Europe. The despotic measures, however, necessary to the consolidation and control of so many states with varying interests, the heavy war debts imposed by the conqueror, and the restrictions upon commerce caused by the blockade of the ports of the Continent, produced great discontent and resentment throughout Europe. In sheer self-defence the Powers set aside all jealousies and united honestly to crush him without regard to other contingencies. Self-preservation and necessity left no time for diplomacy. There was no playing of the Powers one against another in this case.

4465. Which is Generally the Most Vulnerable Point in a Modern Army?

Its line of communication. The huge size of a modern army makes it more important, and in some ways more difficult, than ever to keep open the line of communication with its base. In old days an army could, to a great extent, live on the conquered country, and few, if any, munitions of war were required. Now there must be an unending stream of food and ammunition ever pouring in, or the army is soon reduced to impotence. The rapid advance, often by rail, of a modern army adds another element of difficulty, and the comparative ease with which a railway can be dismantled renders the line of communication still more vulnerable. As a rule, in modern warfare, as soon as an army has its communications cut it capitulates. The capitulations of the French armies in Metz and at Sedan are familiar examples of this.

4466. What Would be the Effect Upon Terrestrial Life if this Planet were to Change Places with the Planet Saturn?

The effect would be the extinction of all life on the earth. At such a distance from the sun, the light and heat would be too feeble to permit the existence of the hardest animal or plant. A few scientific facts will prove this conclusion. Saturn is further from the sun than the earth in the proportion of more than nine to one. But the quantity of light and heat received from the sun upon a given surface is inversely as the square of the distance. If, then, our globe were removed to the position of Saturn, it would receive less than one-eightieth of its present quantity of light and heat. It is, therefore, obvious that life would become impossible. We know that even in our own polar regions, where the sea is frozen only at the surface, life is incomparably more meagre than in temperate climates; and we can imagine what would happen if the ocean were a solid block of ice, and the land were permanently frozen to a depth of hundreds of feet.

4468. Of what Historical Character may it most truly be said that he Enjoyed "A Short Life and a Merry One"?

In the largest sense of the term, the answer would certainly be Alexander the Great. He began public life when he was fifteen as Governor of Macedonia, and from then to his death at thirty-two, his life was one continual whirl of triumph. He never fought a battle that he didn't win, or met an enemy that he didn't conquer. It was his, not only to climb to the greatest heights of military glory, but also to make his conquests a blessing, instead of a curse to the world. There is no doubt that where his arms penetrated higher and better forms of life quickly followed. He was as fortunate in his death as in his life, for he died with his sun at its zenith, and was spared the misery of decline and defeat which most other conquerors have had to suffer. In our own history, the answer would appear to be Henry V. He was the most perfect knight and accomplished gentleman of his times. He, too, was successful in all he undertook. Ascending the throne in 1413, he gained one of the most brilliant victories in English history two years later. Five years after that he had married the daughter of the French King and was Regent of France; the next year his happiness was completed by the birth of a son and heir, and the next he died at the age of thirty-six, admired and beloved even by his enemies, and worshipped by his people.

QUESTIONS.

4491. If perpetual motion were discovered, is it likely that it would be a source of wealth to the discoverer?
4492. Which nation would suffer most if the world's coal supply became exhausted?
4493. Which British steamship company's steamers always fire a salute when passing a particular house?
4494. Has a tribute of human eyes ever been demanded as ransom for a city?
4495. Has the power evolved by the variations of atmospheric temperature ever been utilised for any practical purpose?
4496. Does the amputation of a limb as a rule tend to prolong or shorten life?
4497. When did the maxim that "the deck of a British ship is as sacred as British soil itself" receive a remarkable vindication?
4498. When did women in this country first begin to take an active part in politics?
4499. Is there any instance on record of a great General basely deserting his troops in the face of danger and defeat?
4500. Why is a dreamer not astonished at the incongruous and impossible situations in which he finds himself?

CONDITIONS.

We shall be glad to receive from our readers replies to any of the questions selected. Each reply must bear the writer's name and address. We shall select the best reply to each question, and shall pay at the rate of two guineas per line for any matter printed. The same reader may send replies to any number of questions, whether his own or not. Envelopes should be marked "Puzzles" in the top left-hand corner, and answers to the questions in any one of the papers must reach us by first post on the Monday of the week following that for which the paper is dated. Payment will only be made for replies published. Authorities on which replies are based must be given where possible. Half-a-crown will be paid on publication for every question selected which is considered worthy of insertion.

FIRST AUTHOR: "Have you heard that our chum Smithers, has married?"
Second Author: "Yes, he wanted to double his circle of readers."

"THERE were only two dry eyes in the house."
"How do you know about those two?"
"I happened to know that two men in the audience had a glass eye apiece."

CHOLLIE: "Would you believe it that I was threatened with serious brain trouble when I was young?"
DOLLIE: "Indeed? How did you succeed in having it removed?"

FRIEND: "But wouldn't it have been better, old fellow, to have chosen the least healthy suburb to commence practice in?"

Dr. Sawyer: "No, dear boy; nothing of the sort. This place is the stronghold of football, and the inhabitants are perfect whales at giving children's parties."

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STORIES YOU DON'T FIND IN BOOKS.

SOME MARVELLOUS CUSTOMS NOT TOLD OF BY
TRAVELLERS BECAUSE THEY WOULDN'T BE BELIEVED.

THAT the sceptical spirit of the age causes many travellers to refrain from publishing accounts of their travels was recently confirmed by a conversation P.W. had with a gentleman who has returned to this country after an absence of ten years.

"The very reason," he began, "which led to Selous striking out of his book so many exciting adventures on the ground that they would not be believed is the very reason which deters me from publishing an account of my travels.

"In Africa, for instance, after watching for a couple of hours a fight between two tribes, I was greatly struck by the nature of the terms imposed on the vanquished.

"At the conclusion of the contest their wives, or rather I should say the young married ladies who had been passive spectators all through, quietly passed over to the victors, with whom they retired.

"Nothing remarkable in that you will say. Quite so; but on the very next day and on the very same spot I saw a lioness quietly watching a desperate fight between two lions. The moment it was terminated she trotted off contentedly with the victor, exactly as the ladies had done the day before. What would the public, let alone the critics, have said to that?

"Superstition is in some respect as important a feature in savage life as ever it was.

"In Madagascar, for instance, relatives are just as anxious that the loved ones shall not enter the dead land unprovided for. I was on the island when a very great native personage was buried.

"The representative of an English merchant told me with great glee that he had secured an order for 2,000 pieces of silk material, 100 silk dresses—the deceased was a lady—some furniture, 100 pairs of boots, forty bonnets, and a vast stock of tinned meats, all of which were to be buried with the dead.

"The order, however, was never executed, at least, by us. An official put in an appearance, and the order was transferred to a French firm.

"But, in their treatment of each other, many savage races are beginning to adopt European methods. The savage has remained a savage because he refused to think. Doubt is the parent of progress, and the savage never doubted.

"When I was in Borneo I made the acquaintance of the famous 'hairy men.' For untold centuries they have believed that their sole security against illness and attack was in cultivating their hair.

"A few miles from this tribe I was taken by a trader to see some 200 of its members who had voluntarily gone into exile because they had ceased to believe in the magic working qualities of long hair.

"When this traveller first made their acquaintance he found them all busily engaged in plucking out the hairs of their beards and moustachios.

"This was so hurtful to the trading instincts of the Britisher that he initiated them into the mysteries of the Sheffield razor.

"When I left, this commercial gentleman was haranguing his customers on the advantage of each man having his own razor.

"When Lord Kitchener brings the outlying tribes of the Soudan under his rule he will find most curious customs still existing among them.

"What do you think of people who do not consider the marriage tie binding more than four days a week? It is customary with these people for the mother of the bride before marriage to try and reduce the number to two, the lover stoutly insisting on six. As a rule, the spirit of compromise intervenes, four days being the accepted period.

"On 'off days' the lass is not only allowed to disregard all marital obligations, but a husband even considers an intrigue a compliment to his taste, nay more, he watches its progress with the most intense satisfaction."

"Do any of the customs which have come under your observation press heavily on the children?" asked P.W., after securing a subscription for the F.A.F. from the traveller.

"Yes, in Malabar, notwithstanding the efforts of the missionaries, I found a disposition amongst the men to regard his sister's children with more affection than his own.

"The death of a son seemed to evoke little sorrow in the heart of the father, but the grief exhibited on the demise of a sister's child was overwhelming."

MANAGER: "Does it take you an hour to go round the corner, sir?"

Office Boy: "Please, sir, a man dropped a half sovereign in the gutter."

Manager: "And it took you all this time to get it out?"

Office Boy: "Please, sir, I had to wait till the man had gone away."

The manager concluded the lad was, if anything, too sharp.

The Silver Lining.

WHEN poets sing of lovers' woes,
And blighted lives and throbs and throes
And yearnings—goodness only knows
It's all a pose.

I am a poet too, you should know;
I, too, was young once long ago,
And wrote such stuff myself, and so
I ought to know.

I for my stricken heart found balm
In sonnets to Amanda's calm
High brow, or Julia's lily palm
Or perfect arm.

Which, when she scorned, did I consign
To flames, and go into decline?
Not much! When sonnets fetched per line
Enough to dine.

So, reader, when you read in print
A poet's woe—beware and stint
Your tears—and take this gentle hint—
It is his mint.

When Julia's "fair as flowery mead,"
Or when she "makes his heart-strings bleed,"
Know then she's furnishing his feed
Or fragrant weed.

And even as you read—who knows,
Like cannibal that eats his foes
He dines off Julia's "heart that froze,"
Or "cheek of Rose."

Uncle and Nephew.

AN old cobbler in the North is, in his humble way, no mean performer on the violin. He describes himself as a "fiddler," whereas his nephew in a neighbouring town is billed as "an accomplished violinist."

One afternoon the youth took his instrument over to his relative, and promised to show him how the violin should be played.

The old man listened while his nephew ran through several "classical items," and then asked:

"Does ta ever practise thy scales, lad?"

"Scales!" was the scornful rejoinder. "I'm a musician, not a country novice!"

The cobbler was silent for a few minutes. Then indicating a silent canary in the cage, he asked:

"Does ta see that bird?"

"Of course I do!"

"Well, that bird wad 've made one o' the finest singers in the kingdom, but he got a bit oot of his reckonin'."

"How?"

"He niver thowt it worth his while to larn to chirrup. That's how. An' it 'pears to me as sich-like feals isn't bound to be feathered 'uns!"

Do Rocks Grow?

IT is well known that the most carefully prepared sea-charts become in time useless by reason of changes in the sea, especially along the coast lines. This is because rocks grow up out of the sea. At any rate, we must seemingly admit at present that they grow.

We know how sand bars are formed, and coral reefs grow, but the manner of growth of rocks is not yet settled.

When they occur along the coast line, it is a very serious matter, and one Minister of Marine has offered a series of premiums to anyone discovering and reporting the appearance of a rock not shown upon the official chart. This will be a means of stimulating the interest of the fishermen and coastwise navigators to take note and report these changes.

An inhabitant of Biarritz tells a remarkable story of the growth of a rock on that shore. When he was a boy, half a century ago, there was one of the rocks that now surround that promontory that was barely visible at lowest tide. Now this same rock juts up from the sea to a height of 600ft.

There is another instance of a rock growing in twenty-five years till it could be seen above high tide. It is at a spot where the old charts indicate 30ft. of water at low tide.

It is well known that the coast line is constantly changing in some way or another, and where the sea washes away at one point, it adds to at another.

It is admitted the sea-coast rises and sinks. But do rocks grow? What wonderful power is moving below that causes huge rocks to project from the sea where erstwhile they were not? And if they do grow so quickly it is patent that chart revision should be made more frequently than it is.

WITH some people the envy of the world is a sort of sauce they like poured over their worldly belongings before they can fully enjoy them.

DID ADAM SPEAK ENGLISH?

WHAT WAS THE ORIGINAL TONGUE?—WHAT SCIENCE
WILL DO TO DISCOVER IT.—A REMARKABLE
EXPERIMENT.

IT is not likely that Adam and Eve spoke the English tongue as we utter it to-day, for we must admit that our present language is but a blending of many others.

But it may be argued that the English language is to become the universal one, and such being the case, why is it not reasonable to suppose that it was the original tongue, that in the course of untold centuries it became split and separated into its units, which became perfected to suit the circumstance and necessity of their use, and then by a very common process of nature they resolve themselves into the original.

A well-known scientist is going to try and find the key to the language spoken in Paradise. He intends to find an island somewhere, at present uninhabited, and which possesses a good healthy climate. This he will colonise with one or two hundred children under the age of two years.

These children will be solely in the care of deaf mutes, who can neither read nor write. No sound of the human voice will be allowed to reach these children. It is thought that the mode of communication which the children will adopt as they grow to maturity will give a clue to the original language used by man.

They will be furnished with all the comforts and advantages of modern civilisation, save that they will not be allowed to hear the human voice. That this plan will in a single generation give birth to a new language is open to question, but it will be necessary to confine this article solely to what the scientist purposes, and to leave the reader to speculate as to the outcome.

The professor asserts that the relationship which exists between all languages leads to the reasonable supposition that at one time there was but one common language.

We are told in sacred history that the whole earth was of one tongue, and that at the building of the Tower of Babel the tongue of the builders was confounded in order that they might not understand one another's speech.

What the original heaven-born tongue was, it is believed was then lost. That it must have been the sweetest language we can conceive, there can be no question, since our first parents were able to converse with their heavenly visitors. And there is no record that they were despoiled of their language upon their expulsion from Eden. The professor seems thoroughly enthused with his project, and believes that in his lifetime he will be able to give to the world a wonderful discovery.

"If I can secure proper protective legislation, I should prefer to locate my colony in the United States," he says. "There are several spots which would suit my purpose admirably. If that cannot be done, I shall have to locate somewhere upon an island in the East. This latter course would be the safer plan in one way, because it would enable me to insure against the sound of any human voice penetrating to the childish inmates of my colony, and also that no books, papers, writing, or anything that would give them an inkling of a means of communication ever fall into their hands.

"The country provided for their residence will be well supplied with birds, animals, and flowers, so that they will have every opportunity of enjoying and studying natural history. This in itself will ensure them a good foundation for an education which shall be of their own inspiration, as it were.

"I have already twenty-five deaf mutes, who are being trained under my care. What I now require is 100 good healthy babies, between the age of one and two years; and I believe I shall have little difficulty in obtaining these, as there are many unfortunate mothers who will be glad to surrender their infants to my care, when they know I can insure them a home in which their health and happiness are the first consideration, and that every provision for their welfare in life will be made.

"I have capital placed at my disposal now which covers every possible expense for a period of fifteen years. There will be a physician in attendance who will be a mute, and he will be the only one who is educated.

"When the children arrive at an age when they are able to care for themselves, the mute attendants will be removed, and I shall spend my time wholly with them. It is in this way that I hope to obtain the clue to a new language at any rate, if not the original. I shall observe them closely, and note the means they use to communicate with each other, to designate their wants, and to describe the objects and the bird and animal life which surrounds them."

Such is in brief the plan of a scientist who has won some little distinction, and devoted the best years of his life to the study of languages.

The subject is one about which such diversified opinions may be held that comment would be useless, and with the hope that you have been interested, we leave our readers to draw their own conclusions.

THE "NEW" WOMAN 300 YEARS OLD.

THE "WOMAN'S RIGHTS" MOVEMENT IS NOT A MODERN IDEA.

"WOMAN'S RIGHTS" is a theme which has occupied the attention of the more forward members of the fair sex for now some considerable time. But the idea that it is a modern movement and the outcome of the agitation created by modern brilliant women is quite wrong.

It is more than likely that the more prominent of the promoters of the movement really believe that the agitation is at the outside perhaps a quarter of a century old; but these and the modern world of women generally will probably be surprised to hear that the cry of "Woman's Rights" was raised nearly three centuries ago; but as the men of that period turned a deaf ear to the wails then expressed by an organised band of women, the agitation came to nought in the end, and so the ladies who agitated for the emancipation of their sex quietly settled down to the domestic avocation which they were told was theirs by nature.

For quite two centuries and a half our sisters and our aunts after that remained under the golden care of the sterner sex, until, comparatively speaking, a few years ago, when the old spark of agitation burst forth afresh and with renewed vigour, a movement which is still alive through being fanned into vitality by the activity and acquiescence of the male descendants of the very men who nearly three hundred years ago, strenuously resisted the then startling and impossible innovation.

The discovery that the cry of Woman's Rights is a very old song was made by an antiquarian who, only a few weeks since, was poring over a bundle of old manuscripts in search of material when his eye fell on a document, bearing an earlier date in the "sixteens," and written in Polish, entitled "Young Women's Petition."

It was a petition from the women of Poland to the parliament which had just then been summoned by King Ladislaus. The document (which had evidently been formally presented to the parliament, as is testified to by an official mark) contains twenty-five requests. The first reads:

"In view of the fact that the young men of this country are accustomed to spend far too much time in courting, and avoid entering the state of wedlock, we, your petitioners, humbly ask that a limit be set to the time for courtship, and that it be made obligatory upon the young men to marry the young women whom they are courting not later than the following June after they begin to keep company together. And we beg that a fine of one thousand Polish guildens be imposed on each young man who courts a maid, and who does not marry her by the following June; and we suggest that such fines be used for the support of young Polish orphan girls."

Two of the requests relate to mercenary marriage, and parliament is urged to deal severely with people who "marry only for each other's money, and not for love," and to take special care that "no father shall in future give his daughter in marriage to a man whom she does not love."

These new women of nearly three centuries ago were evidently no friends of widows, of whom they say: "As widows do not refrain from enticing innocent young men, we beg your honourable body to enact a law forbidding widows to marry after they have passed the age of forty years; and our reason for making this request is because at that age widows should no longer be frolicsome and anxious to win the love of young men, but should spend their time in spinning and at prayer."

From the foregoing paragraph it would appear that time does not wither the antics of human nature nor calm down the spirit of the day in the feminine order of things, but why the fair petitioners should have wished a law to be made obliging the youthful widow to spend all her years after forty in prayer is open to question and doubt. Wherefore that strange request?

The petitioners also made the following queer prayer themselves: "That as many young women are plain-looking, some even ugly, we pray that no obstacle be placed in the way of those women who desire to make themselves attractive in the eyes of marriageable men," which means, we opine, that plain-looking girls were to be allowed to rouge their cheeks, don false hair, use cosmetics, and so forth.

Another clause runs to the effect that all men should be made by law to marry at thirty, while another suggests that the legislature should provide a law forbidding unsuitable persons marrying each other—a rather vague request.

The fair pleaders had some original ideas as to what constitutes suitable marriages. Thus, in request No. 19, they maintain that "only persons of similar character and temperament should be allowed to marry; that only innocent men be allowed to marry innocent women, and that men of indifferent character be permitted to marry only women of like character."

They give no reasons for this strange request, but they are so very emphatic in what they say that it is to be presumed that all married people in Poland in their day were not particularly happy.

This strange document is still preserved in the archives of the University of Cracow.

Though the pleaders knew it not, they were fore-runners of women who have played a considerable part in our own day.

Why Do We Eat Salt?

THERE is a belief—time will doubtless prove it a fiction—which has been made a seeming truth by usage, that salt is essential to human life, and if it be omitted from our diet that all manner of ills will follow.

This can be disproved in many ways, and many learned men have declared that it is not an essential. As a matter of fact it can produce quite as many ills as it is claimed it will prevent. Sailors confined to a salt diet are known to have suffered ills untellable. There is more or less salt in some form or another in all the food we eat, though they are usually the potassium salts, and the use of the sodium chloride, as common salt is supposed to counteract the excess of the potassium which we would naturally receive in our food.

But why neutralise in part the potassium? In the Congo State the natives manufacture a salt for their use by the incineration of aquatic plants, and these salts are almost wholly of potassium.

There is excellent authority for regarding the use of salt as purely a habit, and that its sole office is as a condiment, without any special action upon the system.

If you have been accustomed to it, as most people are, in liberal quantities, the system would possibly suffer by being denied it entirely. But if it were stopped gradually, one would unquestionably find himself doing very well without it in a little time.

Mexico's Sign Language.

MEXICO is a land of many tongues, but above the Indian dialects and Spanish there is one universal language—the language of signs.

It is the most expressive of all; the Mexican eye and hand are eloquent members. It is capable of infinite variation; its shadings and suggestions are beyond all translation.

But there are certain gestures that have a fixed meaning, a signification well understood by every race and every tribe in the country.

A general upward movement of the body, shoulders shrugged, eyebrows raised, lips pouted, and palms outspread, varies in meaning from "I don't know and I don't care" to a most respectful "Really, sir, I do not understand you."

The index finger moved rapidly from right to left, generally before the face, means "No more," or simply "No."

To move the right hand palm outwards from the body towards another person means "Just wait; I'll be even with you yet."

The index finger on the temple, moved with a boring twist, means "He's drunk."

The right hand held to the lips, three fingers doubled, thumb and little finger erect, varies from "He drinks" to "Have one with me."

To move the open hand over the cheek in imitation of a razor, has reference to the idiom "playing the barber," and means "to flatter."

All four fingers and thumb held points together and moved towards the mouth means "to eat."

The right hand held before the face, the two middle fingers moving rapidly, is a familiar salutation.

A PROVINCIAL newspaper, referring to a fatal accident which befell a prominent fellow-townsmen, says: "He met his death at the hands of a horse."

"KITTY, I can have bird-wings on my hat after all."

"Why, it is cruel."

"No, the milliner says these are the wings which the birds shed naturally every year."

"I WAS so hungry that the moment I got in I began eating the tables!"

"Um, I dare say! Do you expect us to believe that? What sort of tables?"

"Why, vegetables, to be sure!"

ANXIOUS MOTHER: "My dear, it's perfectly abominable the way the men hug you at these dances. Now look at that couple coming this way. See how respectfully that gentleman treats the lady he is dancing with. He holds her almost at arms' length."

Pretty Daughter: "But, ma, they are married."

"WHAT progress does this little girl make in her sewing?" asked the tall and stately patroness at the charity school, as she stopped before the daughter of a longshoreman, and noticed that the pupil had her thread hopelessly entangled.

"About forty knots an hour," roguishly replied the girl, as she looked up.

"HORATIO," whispered the heroine in the melodrama, "the villain still pursues us."

"Ha," exclaimed the lover. "But fear not. See thou the ravine that intervenes between us and him?"

"Yes, Horatio, but the bridge. He can cross yon bridge at a bound."

"Fear not, I say. He has got to stop in the middle of the bridge and do a song and dance. Courage!"

A GOLD MINE ON THE KAISER'S UPPER LIP.

THE BARBER WHO TRAINS THE EMPEROR WILLIAM'S MOUSTACHE IS NOW A VERY RICH AND INFLUENTIAL MAN.

THE style of moustache worn by the German Emperor is one of the familiar features of the thing of the day, having a wide-world reputation.

The hair on the Imperial upper lip assumed its present fantastic shape about four years ago, and was copied from the moustache as worn by a German military officer, to whom belongs the credit of introducing it, while the Emperor is responsible for popularising it.

The original inventor, however, is a barber named Haby, who, four years ago, was acting in the capacity of tonsorial artist to the German officer referred to. He is now the Imperial barber, a friend of His Majesty, and, although of humble origin, wears the following proud decorations, which have been bestowed upon him, not only by his imperial master, but also by other monarchs: the Knights' Cross of the Hessian Phillip Order, the Russian St. Stanislaus Order, the Turkish Nishan Medjidie, the Bavarian silver medal of merit, and the German Cross of Jerusalem.

And all this for making people's hair stand on end!

The example set by the ruler of Germany is being emulated by lesser shining lights in various parts of the civilised world, and, as it is probable that it will in time lead the fashion in moustaches, a description of the process as to how the hair on the male upper lip is trained to run the "butterfly" course may be found useful.

The possessor of a short or thin moustache cannot hope to successfully adopt the latter style; it should be rather heavy and fairly long. The training of the moustache, and the making it comply with all the requirements necessary to bring about a success, render the task no light one; indeed, much time and trouble must be expended. This is understood when it is stated that the "butterfly" moustache is made to assume a shape which is altogether the reverse of Nature's intention, the moustache being primarily grown for development in a downward direction, and if left untrained, it generally follows that course.

The new shape cannot be arrived at with the aid only of the fingers and curling-tongs, the usual implements employed in cultivating an out-of-the-common moustache, but you require the assistance of a gag or what Haby calls a "Schnurrbartbinde" or "Bartbinde," which bears a strong resemblance in appearance to the ordinary respirator for asthmatical people, only the "bartbinde" is an improvement on it.

It is made of coarse silk, about ten inches long and two inches wide at each end, tapering towards the middle, where it is about one inch wide. The Emperor William, and now nearly every officer in the German Army, dons a "Bartbinde" every morning and wears it for a considerable time, it being held in position by two loops—one at each end—which are placed round the ears.

Thus forced and pressed down, the hair is made to conform to the arrangement desired and will maintain it for some hours if the temperature be dry, but, should it be wet, then the hair, as is experienced by ladies with their fringes, will quickly come out of curl.

Before the gag is placed in position the hairs of the moustache are first washed, then oiled to soften them, after which they are carefully parted with a fine comb.

The initial performances, of course, take a longer time to go through than when you have become an adept at the work, and the moustache, from frequent practice has become reconciled to its treatment; but under the most favourable circumstances you cannot release the "Bartbinde" under, say, twenty minutes. Then the curling-irons come into play. The tips of the moustache must be tightly curled. People who have plenty of time on their hands will have each single hair curled separately, and when all are done combed out, which completes the process.

The German Emperor does not, of course, arrange his own moustache. He has found Herr Haby a Court appointment, and the fortunate barber is in almost constant attendance upon Hohenzollern the Great, his services being frequently called into requisition many times a day.

Haby is now rich and famous owing to his close associations with his Royal master, and the success of his celebrated "Bartbinde," which is being sold in hundreds daily. He is also the proprietor of many toilet preparations put upon the market with the Emperor's sanction; indeed, in Germany Haby is the veritable king of barberdom, and sufficiently wealthy to maintain the position and dignity of the kingship.

His friendship is eagerly sought by Germans and German officials, knowing that, above all other men, Haby, with few exceptions, has the ear of the monarch, and that he is an Imperial confidant.

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SERIAL STORY.

COLD STEEL.

By M. P. SHIEL.

Author of "Prince Zaleski," "Empress of the Earth," etc.

CHAPTER XXXI.

IN THE WOOD.

CALVO, from the castle, had observed the whereabouts of the girls' fall from the air-car; and within few minutes after his own fall, was rejoined to them.

Now their plight was worse than ever: their enemies in hosts beset them round; they were without horse, or food, or coin. They sought out the deepest recess of the forest, peeringly advancing, and there slept.

This vast dark wood, which was called Broughton Wood, was peopled with rabbits and hares: and the next day Calvo contrived a trap, set it near, and waited long with back turned upon his hope: but the rabbits of the period, wise in their dim, far-sunken generation, divined the whole mind of the sage, and squatted in their jungled sylvan glooms, content to leave the baitless trap alone.

Laura complained, saying that it was too much to expect that, at the end of the tale: Calvo's nose had the wrinkles of truthfulness. About three in the afternoon, strong, good Bessie rose, saying that she would go and beg, they to await her there.

Off, then, she went, winding on a way that she knew not through the sunless shade. The storm of the night had died now to a breeze. All the forest crackled and sang and squeaked with unseen life. Above, the great ocean of foliage was good Gileadite, and could say the sh in "shabboloth."

And, as she went, sadly meditating upon the bright greenward, her dress somewhat torn, and her little plait reaching no lower than her low-cut bodice-neck, suddenly, two hands from behind pressed over her eyes, drawing back her head, and two lips shot a fugitive kiss at her ear, and laughed a little.

She was released at once; and, looking, saw a lank strip of body high above her, and a lean brown face.

Mournfully she smiled, and without the least appearance of being startled, said:

"By my credit, sir, you startle me!"

She knew him at once for the Black Knight, having seen him visored in the lists, and Laura, whom he had seized, had described him. Also, she had heard village-rumour that the Black Knight was none other than the King of France.

But as for him, he had no notion that here was the sister of that beauty which he coveted. He kissed her ear for the simple reason that she was a girl in the romantic gloom of a wood.

"And why here, and whither away, mamsel?" said he.

"I am faring through the forest, sir, to seek some nourishment for me and mine."

"Little English body . . ." he said, contemplating her smiling, pleased with her little way and English demureness.

"And whither away you, my lord?" said she.

"I? Why, I seek here—but come, thou art not angry, I think, that I busied thy cheek?"

"Why, no, sir! By my credit, 'twere more than that would anger me, seeing 'twas merry and fairly done. But you seek someone, my lord?"

"Faith, yes. Hath it not come to thine ears that a goodly number of cavaliers search a gentle special demoisel through this country-side? I, know, am even one of them; and, catching this morning a wind of rumour that she lies concealed within this wood, I with some comrades wander here a-search. And now am I in double dilemma, for neither demoisel nor comrades find I. Moreover, I have three sore gashes in my chest, and am faint, *mon Dieu*. If, now, I had that little lap whereon to lay my head, pending but a ten minutes' space—"

"Why, sure, sir, an you will it so—" said Bessie, turning upon him the full regard of her candid eyes. They met a leer not quite fair and good; yet she did not blush nor turn away.

"Here then," he said.

She sat on a swell of sward, in brown obscurity under an oak; and lying at his length, with head raised on her lap, he looked up into the breeze-tickled leafage.

Once, two babes, exposed in a forest, were found by a she-wolf. There were ten million chances against one chance that she would tear and eat them; but that one chance, which verily exists in the elfin Heart of Nature, worked and won. She suckled them.

Even such was Bessie's risk in resting here with Francis of France; and she had an instinctive consciousness of it; but her heart was strong, and her eyes candid.

"Thou hast recounted none of my friends, I take it?" said he after a minute.

"Not I, sir."

"Of the maiden whom I seek hast heard tell in thy village?"

"I have heard tell of her, my lord."

"How knowest thou I am milord?"

"Sure, your good and gracious way with a poor maiden bewrayeth you high and gent, sir."

He kissed her hand.

"Thinkest thou I would harm thee?"

"Yea, my lord? Not you!"

"Faith, then, I would not."

"Why, I know it, sir."

"But as to this maiden—canst give me no guidance? For I could wager she is somewhere in this wood."

"An I could give you guidance, my lord, think you I would?"

"La! and wherefore not?"

He jerked up in surprise his hairy head, all about which the breezes toyed.

"Because, sir, 'tis sure you seek her not for her good."

"There you err fondly; precisely for her good I seek her: 'twere my will to lavish round her beauty all the jouissance of life, by Crisscross!"

"For how long, my lord?"

"Why, so long as her life, mamsel."

"But life is not long, my lord. Sure, you can give her no jouissance in the grave."

"Who talks of graves, mamsel?"

Again, as he asked, Francis jerked up, glancing at her, wondering at so broad outlook in village maid.

"Sure, sir," she said, "'tis nought oddish if I talk of graves, for, by my credit, graves are all about us, and near enow: and a life, were it king's or village maid's, is just like last summer, which lasted not long, and is evanished now, and buried deep away, no man any more thinking thereon at all for ever."

"Mortbleu! 'tis true, girl. Yet while that summer dured, 'twere well, methinks that it shone blithe and merry, since it so soon passed."

"So hold I, too, my lord. And fain am I, I avouch, of flute and tabouret, and dancing under-moon on the green, and the warming of strong ale, and specially of grand Hampshire cider, sir, and sweet lover's-whisperings above all, my lord, had I—aye me—but a lover, sir! For though I talk of graves, ill were it to me to die, who am full of life, by my credit, too much, perchance. But, sir—"

"Well, I harken, I am harkening. Say it through, say it right through."

"Sir, the things of jouissance you would be giving to that poor wench resemble not really the good, brave shining of a summer, but rather, meseems, flashes of lightning in a lowering sky. Faith, something assures me that I say true. I see well that she would gain a drop and lose the sea."

"What lose, then?"

"Why, sir, sure there is something in simple innocence that more warms the bones than an ale-house fire at Christmas Eve, and a jig into which the clear heart anon breaks merrier far, by my credit, than galliard, or brawl, or corantos; and a secret Wine, sir—ah! nay, I cannot say all I would—"

The heart of Francis burned strangely within him as she communed with him. Looking up into the moving tree, he lisped dreamily:

"Say it on—say it on—"

"Why, sir, sure," said she, "there is that in the world which speaks, and we hear it, though not with the ear; and like an angel-lover it sings and soothes, or like a storm it brawls. Oh faith, to act well appeareth a great alchemy, and fine ducket gold in the pouch, my lord!—for 'tis then with the soul as though it went jaunting on a grand upward march in good company with the sun and the moon and all the train of the stars—oh! my lord, look out! look out!"

Her words ended in a cry: and out, with swift, protective impulse, rushed her hand over the brow of the French King. The hand was pierced by a small bullet, which penetrated and drew blood from him also. She had seen a puff of smoke start from a thicket ten yards away, glimpsed a bullet, and acted with the instancy of thought.

Francis in a moment was on his feet, and, with drawn sword, was gone like the wind in pursuit.

CHAPTER XXXII.

AT ORMOND HALL.

THE shot had been fired by a retainer of Ormond Hall, of which three, with Anne, were in the forest searching for Laura Ford. Anne, looking through bush, saw Bessie, and, to her astonishment, the head of Francis on her lap. She was seized with fright, concluding now that Bessie had compounded with the French King; that Laura was in his hands. The thing or man, were he a king, that came between her and her ambitions she doomed without hesitation, and "Shoot me quick that man!" she whispered to a liveryman.

Francis, at the pistol-crack, went dashing in search; but pursuit in such a wood was hopeless. He found no one. After a random hunt of ten minutes, he stopped.

He put his hand to his forehead, and took it away red from a flesh-wound. He remembered now that she had laid her hand there, and saved him; and must have been herself pierced.

His heart had burned strangely within him, moved and touched by some sweetness of pity in her tones, some light in her eyes, or some profundity of hoary world-wisdom in her words. He ran now swiftly, pantingly, to find her. But he was uncertain of his way. Not till after a half-hour did he come to a tree which he believed to be the tree he had lain by: there were many oaks in the forest. Bessie, however, was not there.

Had he been bespoken by some affable and wise Angel in homely disguise, resting here in the shade mid-way on her high way-faring betwixt world and world? Some such fancy passed in his mind. He was full of a sense of loss.

The tree to which he returned was indeed the same: but Bessie had now gone forward on her errand of food-seeking. She had sprung up, agitated, immediately after Francis, and had stood some minutes waiting what should betide. Nothing happened; and when Francis did not come, she went onward.

Anno Boleyn, even in hasting out of Francis' path, had kept her eye on Bessie, who was the key to Laura; and as Bessie moved through the wood, followed, guessing now that since she went forward without Francis, then Francis had not yet Laura.

Bessie happened, without special motive, to take her way north-westward, hoping to come upon cottage, or hamlet, or castle. And half a mile north-westward lay Ormond Hall.

The thought leapt up in Anne's mind:

"If now she should go to the Hall, and I hold her safe there under lock and key!"

There was no danger that Bessie should discover her tracker: the anguish of her hand occupied her; anon she held it aloft, shaking it cherishingly as it panged. She had rent a strip of under-garment, and bound the wound.

A thickness in the forest made her change direction, and in the new course she continued.

But Anne was now besieged by the idea of having her at the Hall. It seemed clear that Bessie was not now making for the spot where Laura hid, being now too near the wood's edge; she was therefore going from that spot. To reach Laura, it would be only necessary to search in the opposite direction. But Anne's first tactical task was the securing of Bessie, if that was possible without scaring her. For this pure sister of her intended victim Anne had acquired an extraordinary detestation, evil as sin: merely to do her hurt was pleasant to Anne. When Bessie changed direction, Anne threw over her face a folded veil of gold gauze, quickly caught up the lowly pilgrim, and passed her a little.

It was in a narrow greensward between tree-trunks, deep-gloomed, and cool. The afternoon was well advanced toward twilight. But here it seemed almost night.

Anne's dress was very different now from her dress beneath the chestnut at Mede Down; her skirt being of rich cloth-of-tissue, with a surcoat of crimson silk, and plumed cap of white cloth-of-gold. Bessie, as the lady passed, drew back respectfully, and waited. At five paces distance Anne turned, saying:

"Hast lost thy way, girl?"

Now, for the first time, Bessie heard that voice. It was a deep and rich contralto.

"Why, no, mistress, not that wholly. But—"

"What seekest?"

"Why, a hamlet, mistress, or a hall, imports not which."

"Thou goest hardly right, then, meseems. Art a stranger? What is thy need?"

"Truth to tell, I go to beg a morsel of food—"

"Why, poor lost soul, follow me straight, I bid thee! Not five minutes hence is Redmond Castle, where thou shalt be richly regaled, I promise!"

Anne, a consummate actress, walked on at once, without waiting, and Bessie Ford followed with laggard steps. If her good angel in some remoteness of her consciousness whispered her halt, she hardly heard: for the angels whisper low, thinking our ears celestial like their own, and they are mortal ears—not made by us, for that matter.

Ormond Hall was a grey square mass of low building, with a multitude of windows, half of them on fire now with sunset. It stood lonely in the middle of wide lawn-land, which was quite surrounded by a circular edge of forest.

Not till Anne emerged from the wood did Bessie see her well. And at once something—a fear, a memory, an instinct—troubled her. But it was very indefinite: and yonder was the house; and hunger pressed: she followed, continually quickening her laggard steps.

Yet a hundred yards and Anne was at the house-front, which looked east. She beckoned. Bess came to the long front steps, and halted.

"Come, come," said Anne busily.

"Shall I not make round to the back, mistress?" asked Bess, wondering.

"No—this way! Come."

"My mother . . ." muttered Bess.

She followed. Anne passed through the antlered and hatchmented antechamber, through a salon, up a wide "stair-case," along a corridor, into a room. At the door Bessie halted, with panting nostrils.

"Come, come—" said Anne.

It was a long room on the first floor, containing three windows in the front of the house and two in an adjacent side. Its furnishing was heavy and august—storied tapestry, ebony chairs, a table for shovel-board, a Spanish footcloth of needlework bound in buckram, a massive beaufet of shining wood, a massive escriptorio of oak, Venice mirrors in silver filigree, and at one end an elevated gallery with fat-bellied balustrades. It had two doors, one permanently locked; and a mass of court letters on the escriptorio, and of embroidery on a settee showed that it was a room of Anne.

Bessie entered. Anne returned to the door, shut it, locked it. Then she leant her back there, tossed up her veil, and with mocking sideward underlook, turned her face upon Bessie.

Now Bessie recognised her, and uttered a cry. And in that cry was not fear alone, but enmity and rage also.

"Why, lady," said she with white face and opening nostrils, "what is your will of me?"

"Oh, Innocence!" mocked Anne, "chaste village-naïveté embodied, I swear! Canst not guess?"

"Why, lady, not I!"

"Yet thou knowest me, I see well. I followed thee once—thou fledst from me. Now—is it not so?—I have thee."

"Have me? You? By what right have you me, lady?"

"So, thou hast a pert tongue to question, I see, and art not all village-naïveté and chastity, after all! The hand of Francis the First, King of France, on the lap of an innocent sweet village lass in a forest is sign of far progress in the paths of chastity, for that matter. Oh, by the Road! you naughty, naughty Bess!"

Bessie's white face rushed into peony crimson.

"Prithee—let me hence—" she faltered, all crushed with holy shame—"oh! your thoughts—your tongue—"

"Was it not then very naughty, Bess? Poor Francis is so weak—thou hast no notion! and hath, 'tis said, a liking for sisters—"

"Oh, lady, lady, may I not fare hence?"

"Why, nay, Bess. The door, you see, is locked."

The key, however, remained in it.

"Now may God me keep from doing you hurt with my hands, lady!" exclaimed Bessie Ford, holding back her stiffly-clenched fists.

"I hope He even will, girl: for this, you must know, is not Redmond Castle, as I told you, but Ormond Hall, my

If you send an order for the Hundred Best Books it is not necessary to pay cash down in one sum. A deposit of 10s. is quite sufficient to bring the books along. The remainder can be paid in monthly instalments.

father's house. And, as you stir against me, my servants rend you limb from limb: nor, look you, am I myself wholly a wren-chick, I swear to you!"

"I hear you, lady; yes, by my credit, you have all the strength on your side. But therefore 'tis that you should the less wrong me, who, faith, am a poor creature, sore beset, God wot, come hither to beg of your ladyship a morsel of rye-bread. Wherefore keep, and crush, and madden me? What part hath a lady such as you in my forlorn and woful estate? Prithee, let me hence! Prithee, prithee! Who, lady, are you?"

Anne was open, bluff frankness itself when no motive urged diplomacy.

"Oh, I am the Lady Anne Boleyn," she said; "now canst guess what I need with thee?"

"Why, lady, by my credit, nay!"

"Art dullard, then! King Henry of England, thou seest, was hot to make me his queen this day month ago. Thou must sure have heard. But, being the great mumping fool that he is, he hath flung me clean over, to the intent that he might run agape after thy silly sister, good Bess—"

"My sister! What have you with my sister, lady? Oh, good Mother!"

"Your sister I seek, that I may have her in my hands, that I may give her into the hands of Henry, that Henry may give into my hands the Kingdom of England, that so on, and so on, in the manner of the House which Jack built, chaste Bess."

"Why, woman, you are black with sin!"

"And would you know precisely why I hold you now, chaste Bess? Wait—I will even show you!"

Annie soared to the escritoire, which was near the locked door, and scribbled a few words, while Bessie stood with heaving chest, her eyes roaming round the chamber like a new-caged creature's. They fell at last upon the open escritoire. There on the drawn leaf she saw, with a start, a folded paper which she had every reason to know well, and instantly recognised. It was the King's letter to Wolsey, taken by her from Fitzgerald's cloak.

"There!" said Anne, leaping up. "This, Bess, is a billet to a young nobleman called Percy of Northumberland, who lies rather sick with wounds at Fenley, one three-quarter mile hence. And the billet has it: 'Go with seven or eight armed men, sans delay, in an eastern and southern direction from Ormond Hall through Broughton Wood, passing close by the cress-pool on its northern side. The girl is surely there. I have her sister. Do thou endeavour to go in thy proper person, maugre thy wounds. Francis lurks thereabouts.—ANNE.'"

Now it happened that this note pretty accurately described the real whereabouts of Laura Ford; and as Bessie heard it, hope left her, and her knees were weak.

They remained a minute motionless, confronted, vice with purity, Bessie's eyes wildly haggard, Anne smiling venomously; till Anne moved to a bell-rope hanging near the elevated gallery, to summon a messenger; and that movement broke the spell of Bessie's terror.

Crying: "You shan't!" with a swift snatch she had the note crumpled in her own hand.

The venomous smile passed now from Anne's face, and flaming rage was there. Stepping upon Bessie with the menace of a Billingsgate-wife, she cried:

"That billet, wench!—lest I strangle you—quick—!"

"Oh, I fear not the stranglings of such a woman as you!" answered Bessie, even as down upon her cheek came the brisk palm of Anne with scarlet smart; and in a moment they were engaged in a panting struggle for the letter. Of the two women Anne was the more largely built, but Bessie Ford was very wholesome and knit, having the vital good sap of England in her birth and making.

She had no intention to yield the paper, and Anne, tugging with bitten under-lip, and gradually-failing force, found a wrist and flat stern as a locked portal. With tottering stumbles, with wild swayings, in an intense silence of effort, save for their fervid breaths which vehemently filled the room, they fought. At the last Bessie, though tortured by her wound, with a strong push of both fists freed herself, and sent Anne staggering to a backward crouch; and at once she slipped the letter into her bosom.

"Now you die, you little marmot!" gasped Anne with threatening head-shake, as she rushed anew to the bell.

But here again Bessie was beforehand. With pelting speed she darted to the spot, and, even as Anne's hand rose, leapt, caught the rope, and hung all her weight upon it. It was made of twisted wool, and came away from the metal n-top, dropping in a snake.

And now Bessie ran to the locked door; but before she could turn the key, Anne's hand was upon it. Bessie, with swift craft, in an unexpected jerk, drew the key, and from where she stood tossed it through a window, which splintered, out upon the lawn.

Now, if she was a prisoner, so was Anne. They stood there equal, woman to woman, Anne without help from without.

Bessie's weight had, indeed, rung the bell in a hard clang, followed by two weak tinklings as the rope broke; and this Anne knowing, waited half a minute at the door, expecting coming footsteps. But the single bell-clang had aroused no one. And Anne, crouching agonised, at length commenced to cry out: "Hi, Bertha! Wallis!"

But at once Bessie, springing upon her, put both palms to her mouth, and so urged and flung her backward. From her crouch Anne leapt up shivering with passion; and in this passion, now, was a quail of physical cowardice.

"Look you—girl—if you dare lay—hands on me—!" she panted.

"Hold—your voice, then!" responded Bessie's pant, "do but lift—it and—I tear your skin—I beat—you blue!"

"Then would you need—your man, Fitzgerald—here to aid you—base gutter-her!" gasped Anne, her strong sense, all breaking up now into mere childish spite and femininities.

Bessie, in a lower tone of surprise, and transferred

interest, said: "Master Fitzgerald? sure, I knew naught of whom you mean. Will your wicked tongue be fastening now upon him also?"

"Him! the scurviest profligate that man in all England—!"

Here was feminine arrow shot at random, which hit and pierced.

"Oh, most like 'tis a foul lie, like all you say!" cried Bess with impatient bitterness, harsh as terebinth. "Corrupted is your tongue, and only evil from its root! And how if I, since you so madden me, since you dare so slander the innocent, do make straight hence to where the King lies encamped, and straight declare him of you; reveal him this your letter lying in my bosom here; point to whom 'tis writ—most like, your paramour; and tell of wherefore you would trap my poor little sister—of all your unwomanly pitilessness—your foul, unhandsome thinkings—your virtueless and ungente works—and all your shame! Oh, fie, fie, lewd lady! Nay, and 'tis what I even shall do—yes, verily, by my credit, exposed you shall be—!"

At this hideous threat out blazed Anne's eyes like a vigo's, and showing her grinned teeth, she advanced with shuddering opening arms upon Bessie, but stopped, fearing her; and sought with feminine instinct how to stab and slay her with the venomous weapon of the tongue.

"So you would expose me?" cried she with forced hysterical laughter. "Ha! ha! Anne Boleyn exposed by Bessie Ford!—a theme for the play-house at Southwark, I swear, I swear! O camerados! Then, sure must I call Mark Bonner to witness against you!"

The last words were, in a high degree, hysterical, without special meaning, except in so far as they introduced the name of Bonner with the hope of wounding.

"And what of Mark Bonner now, an it please you?" said Bessie.

"He! O, the accepted lover of the sister, is he not? By Heaven, that boy kisses a woman like a trout biting a bait!"

"Who, Mark Bonner? Sure, 'tis some mistake you make, then."

"A woman mistakes not the man who kisses her, daw! He has kissed and kissed me, that boy—!"

"Mark Bonner?" said Bessie, white as paper; for if Bonner was false to Laura, what hope remained?

"Faith, never was I so hotly kissed!" cried Anne.

"Nay, but what a wanton must you be!" went Bessie, faintly, turning away her shamed face.

"'Tis so said. Yet never have I borne in my lap the head of Francis—in a wood!"

"But have you indeed led that poor youth astray? Oh, have you verily?"

"'Twas he led me astray! As you have led poor Francis—whose taste, by the Rood, degenerates of late, thou bosomless skelet!"

"Oh, then, if this you have done, I could almost curse you! Filthy are you in the regard of honest eyes! I could almost say: may your life fall upon you—may it end in as sharp a stroke as now you have—! Nay, I curse you not, for that were ignorantly done, by my credit! But I do most foully hate, and spit upon you. I do shun and loathe you with my soul as a thing unclean and spotted as snakes! Dangerous and deadly are you: yet, by my credit, I fear you not, for stronger is that better is; and yet may you know it, though now your understanding is a world too dark to know a truth so bright. And as for the letter that lies there, no right have you to it, I trow, and with me now shall it rest!"

She had cunningly backed as she spoke towards the escritoire, and with a sudden movement seized the King's letter to Wolsey.

Anne, forgetting every fear, rushed to seize it—for here was her last weapon against the Cardinal. But she was too late: the letter was in Bessie's bosom, and Anne received a stern thrust-back at the neck. The better here was indeed the stronger.

If the quick temperament of Anne had flamed before, now it raved. There where she stood, she threw back her throat, and she piled shriek on shriek, yelling "Help! help! help!" and as she yelled, foam sprinkled from her mouth, and speckled her nether lip, and her dishevelled face was all like tumbled sunset.

Now she was heard: from some remote region of the great house Sir Thomas came running, as did a dozen retainers.

And still she called and yelled; and as she yelled Bessie Ford, transported too, beat and beat upon her upturned face and mouth, gasping: "Hush—hush—or I beat—you blue!" And even in that moment of hysterical collapse and distraction, Anne remembered the dart, the venom which kills, the poison of asps which was under her tongue. And she shrieked, and sobbed, and jerked, while Bessie beat:

"You might divine—whence I got—the letter—"

"Little it tides whence—hold—your voice! Hush—or I beat—you blue—"

"'Twas from him! He is wild—in love—with me—"

"You said—it before. I heed not—hush, I say—!"

"Not him—not Bonner—Fitzgerald—"

"Who?"

"Fitzgerald—"

"Oh, you liar!—take that!—take it!—if he loved a filth like you—I'd stab—I'd stab—him to—the heart!"

"He loves—me mad!"

"You lie—take it—!"

"'Twas he—that gave—the letter—he gave me when—he knew—you were—expecting it—"

"He! Oh, now you hurt—have mercy—"

She swerved back crouching, with covered face, deep stabbed, conquered, sobbing—for the lie was so plausible to her. But now the door was rudely shaken without—there were calls, voices, urging shoulders.

Instantly Bessie recovered herself; and flew to a window to leap—a bold leap of twenty-five feet. Anne, swiftly roused to a sense of the practical, was after her. As Bessie put her shoulders out of window, Anne's hands were upon them, dragging her back. Now with cat-o'-mountain fury

they struggled, with spitting rancour, with rent clothes, their womanhood all naked to its foundations, ugly as harriads. And as in this turbulency of action they fought, heaving like the angry sea, Anne glimpsed on the lawn two retainers, run round here to see what they could see. At that moment, Bessie was all but freed from her; Anne let her wholly go, drove her head out of window, and shrieked:

"Go to Fenley—a wounded man there—tell him—!"

But Bessie, with visage all inflamed, was by her side again, looking out, too, shouting a passionate monotone, drowning Anne's words, anon beating Anne's face. The two men could not hear. Meanwhile, the other party of retainers behind were battering the door with truncheons and quarter-staffs; but of this neither of the women, in the crazy ecstasy of that moment, were actively conscious.

At last, Anne, with a cunning feint, ran from the window to the middle, and thence, with quick spurt, to another window. Before Bessie reached her, she had cried half her message; and the rest she shrieked through Bessie's shouting, bending perilously prone, with the concentrated rage of the pearl-diver who sees the prize near, and his wind is wholly done, yet will he reach, or burst: her throat being now hoarse, and her lips blubber and shiny with blood and serum.

The men at last nodded.

"Have you heard?" howled Anne.

They nodded yes.

"Then go!"

Off they went running.

The fury of Bessie Ford now transcended all bounds. The messengers were on their fatal way, and as a mother when the she-wolf is in steep career upon her babe, so was she. Again she leapt to a window, and again Anne was at her. The fierce, loud battery of the door continued, soon now to cease.

But now Bessie Ford had the vigour of quite two, or three, ordinary women. Long, Anne saw, she could not be held. Terribly the fight gasped, and gasped, and hissed, and swayed. Another window went clattering upon the grass. Three horsemen without were cantering leisurely toward the house across the lawn; and both must have seen them: but seen them like things in another world, unrelated and remote. Nothing in the earth was of interest, save the moment, the gall and lash of their intense Present. Anne fought to her last conscious gasp; but she sighed, gave up, and lapsed on the ground a disfigured and sluttish heap. At the same time Bessie stood on one of the front window-sills, hesitated, and leapt.

Her feet touched ground as buoyantly as a bouncing ball—her fall broken by two strong arms in which she was caught. They were the arms of Garrett Oge Fitzgerald.

He, with his two friends, being in an unknown neighbourhood, was seeking an inn to eat at, when they spied the Hall. They had advanced with the certainty of feeding there, such being the hospitable freedom of the age.

Fitz, in front of the two, saw a woman hesitating on the window-sill, spurred, leapt, and caught her with such yielding force, that her feet touched ground with quite buoyant lightness.

Then for a moment he saw her face—she his.

She, still venomous, her countenance marred and red, his name still ringing in her ears in the voice of Anne, flung him from her with the impassioned force of a jealous woman, hissing:

"Beast!—let me go!—filthy, heartless, cruel herd—!"

One might have knocked down Fitzgerald with a feather; so tigerish, unexpected, was her attack. She had run quite ten yards before he started in chase; and twenty more before he perceived that he was hardly gaining upon her, her legs and wind being excellent.

"Oh, Heaven," he called, "hold Bess! Why, 'tis I—hold, I prithee—sure, 'tis I—!"

Anguished at the thought of again, this time, losing her, pale with the terror of it—for the forest was not sixty yards thence—he hesitated between persisting on foot, and returning for his animal: hesitated, and was lost. He ran back, crying to Mac and Bonner: "After! After!" But they, behind, had realised not at all what was toward. By the time Fitzgerald regained his steed, and mounted, Bessie was but thirty yards from the wood. The three started together in stretched chase, Mac and Bonner being horsed from the plenty left riderless by the castle-siege. But almost as they started, Fitz perceived that the hunt was hopeless now; also, that another figure, in addition to Bessie Ford's, was before him, whence sprung he knew not a man flying after her, so close upon her that Fitz had fear to fire.

From this runner, certainly, Bessie could not escape: for he ran with the fleet feet of a slot-hound. As the girl disappeared into the wood, he turned a moment, and sent a random bullet at the riders; crying out a moment afterwards in high falsetto:

"Stay, mamie, prithee! fly not from me—I am Sidney Boleyn!"

Hearing the commotion in Anne's withdrawing-room, he had suspected mischief to the fugitives, and run to spy the front windows. He had arrived at the hall-door at the moment when Bessie leapt, and as Fitz started in chase on foot, he had started, too, behind. Fitz, running back in somewhat changed direction for his animal, had not seen him, till mounted.

Sidney, since the fugitives' escape from the castle, had been busy. He had purchased a small house, standing solitary outside the village of Maddox, and he had put within it a stock of provisions: then he had waited, alert for the first hint of the fugitives' hiding-place.

Now he put his hand on Bessie's shoulder. She led him to the thicket where lurked Calvo and Laura. The shades of evening were now gathering; and the three went cautiously through the wood, following the good leading of Sidney.

(To be continued.)

THE WIG AND SHOE.

THE IMPORTANCE OF THESE TO AN ACTRESS, AND THE CARE USED IN THEIR SELECTION.

FEW people realise how much care and time and money are devoted to the production of each individual character in a play. Even old theatre-goers seldom give a thought to this phase of the player's art.

This is especially true of historical plays. With a modern melodrama or light opera the author or the manager decide the matter with a view to the effect which best pleases them. But in the better class of plays in which great characters move, who at some time have made their little fret and strut upon the stage of life, great accuracy must be observed that in garb and appearance they are true to the living model that was.

The wig, the shoes and the lines of the face receive most attention, and they deserve it. For if they are correct and the player's personal force is potent, they give us a representation that we can see and feel is wonderfully true to life.

The secret of many a stage likeness that we accept and applaud is due to the wig more than the costume.

A great deal of study and research is sometimes necessary before a decision is reached upon the colour and form of the wig, where a new stage character is to be created. With familiar characters tradition gives them the form and colour of wig which we accept as correct because of usage, but it must be said that the majority of theatre-goers are not averse to an innovation when it is well done, and founded upon an equal basis of truth, as is the old custom.

As an instance, the portrayal in recent years of Hamlet as a very young man with a decidedly blonde complexion and wig as opposed to the middle-aged black-haired Dane.

There are some changes, however, that it is safe to say the theatre-goer would not tolerate. One of these would be a black-haired Margaret, or a raven-tressed Ophelia, or a brown-haired Carmen.

In exceptional instances, actresses have used their own abundant tresses where they have suited the portrayal, but as a rule, an actress is compelled to use a wig, and her own hair, no matter how luxuriant it may be, must perforce be brushed and plaited, and plastered down so as to admit of the use of some hair-arrangement she does not possess.

Actresses are fortunate in this respect. They can fasten a wig to their own hair with the most becoming naturalness and safety; whereas many an actor experiences some difficulty in keeping his wig in place, especially if he be portraying an elderly character with incipient or total baldness. In this event the join of the wig upon the forehead is cleverly concealed with what is called grease-paint of a flesh tint, rubbed well down upon the forehead and wig and then powdered to suit. Quite frequently a dark line across the forehead will show where this has been badly done, or has been separated, perhaps by the severity of the work the actor is called upon to perform.

Next to her wig an actress will consider her stage shoes. They must be not only correct historically, but they must show the little Tilly in all its perfection, and must be so easy as to permit of graceful movement.

An actress, whether a star or a chorus girl, is particular about her footgear. The buckled, high-heeled shoes of the time of Louis XV. will bring joy to the heart of any actress, while a whole chorus have been known to mutiny at the prospect of having to wear grey shoes as villagers. The white, grey, or silver shoes are calculated to make the foot look larger than they are naturally.

Where the stature of the player is below the average, it is materially aided by means of an elevated insole inside the shoe. It is surprising what a difference in the height a slight aid of this kind will afford.

A MAN of short stature gave as a reason for his stunted growth that he was brought up as a child on condensed milk.

"THE Chuzzletops beat the world in economy."

"What do they do?"

"When Chuzzletop has a cold on his chest he doesn't get his prescription filled until his wife gets a cold, too."

MR. HANOVER: "I see our friend, Morris Parke, poor fellow, is obliged to get along with a second-hand type-writer."

MR. BLEECKER: "Indeed! What kind?"

MR. HANOVER: "Widow."

A QUIET WEDDING.—Mr. Anxious (reading P.W.): "Here is a wedding in which the bride and groom and minister are all deaf mutes."

Mrs. Anxious (sarcastically): "That must be one of those quiet weddings the papers speak of."

"THOSE two fellows over in the corner seem to have a very interesting subject. They've been talking at each other as hard as possible for an hour and a half."

"Yes; one of them has a little boy who has just learnt to walk and the other's baby cut its first tooth day before yesterday."

A Mouse on a Mountain Top.

WHETHER it is a mouse that is peculiar to high altitudes, or whether it was a mere adventurer of its species that had taken to mountain climbing in search of health or adventure, has not been determined as yet. Upon the occasion of a recent visit of a party of mountaineers to the summit of Mount St. Helens, when a number of rocks were removed in order to get at the box containing the records of mountain climbers who had reached the peak, a mouse was disturbed.

There was but a few feet of space at the summit, and it is not likely that the men would have made any great scramble to catch it; but the mouse was taking no chances, and he leapt away and scampered off on the snow that stretched away on all sides. But its judgment was bad, and it did not go in the right direction, and one of the party soon made it captive.

The mountain top is ten thousand feet above the sea, and how the tiny creature got there or what it lived on is a mystery.

Once before a mouse was found on top of a mountain. It is described as being of the usual mouse colour above and white beneath, as having very large ears and an unusually long tail. It is too large for the wood mouse, and is thought to be an entirely new species.

A fine squirrel has been seen on top of Mount Hood by two other mountain climbers. It was fat and lively, though what it lived on it would be hard to say, since snow and rock were all that was visible from that altitude.

The view from the summits of these mountains is very fine, but something more than grand pictorial effect is required to stay the stomachs of these creatures.

HENRY: "Stilton tries dreadful hard to get on familiar terms with you."

MISS PEECH: "Yes; pa calls him 'Civilization,' because he's always making advances."

WILLIE: "Say, pa, didn't you tell me the other day that it was wrong to strike anyone smaller than yourself?"

PA: "Yes, Willie, that's what I said."

WILLIE: "Well, I wish you'd write my teacher a note to that effect. I don't think she knows about it."

Antiquity—Where the Jokes come from!

THE greatest of all mysteries, one perhaps that will never be solved, is that which surrounds the origin of the jokes which we read. The editor should be the most competent authority on the subject, but the good die young, and there is no editor whose memory and experience can retrace far enough into the misty past of time.

Quite frequently, no doubt, the reader comes across a side-splitting par, and when his hilarity has subsided somewhat, he experiences the peculiar sensation of having heard, or read or thought of that same joke before.

Likely enough, if the memory is exceptionally good, he may recall that it was current, perhaps in a slightly disguised form, in his schoolboy days.

The greatest difficulty an editor has to contend with in the endeavour to keep his pages bright and original is to know whether the jokes he receives are really new.

In this matter he has to trust in some measure to the honesty of his contributors. But even if he were to receive a bright, humorous joke that had appeared in his paper previously, it would not imply dishonesty on the part of the contributor.

The joke-field is so thoroughly ploughed and harrowed and turned over, that coincidence of thought is a frequent occurrence.

There has never been an antiquarian who has had the courage to delve into the mysteries of joke making, yet it would be extremely interesting if we could but pierce the veil of time, and learn where and when each of the jokes now extant was born.

It is not so generally known as it should be that Solomon's oft-quoted remark, "There's nothing new under the sun," was a reply to one of his facetious strops when he tried to crack a mother-in-law joke. Solomon affirmed that the same story was on record as having been uttered about the mother-in-law of Noah, or words to that effect.

Research upon the matter would bring to light many interesting facts. I remember, to cite an instance, over-hearing a young man convulse a circle of admiring young women by recounting a bicycle adventure, and telling the girls that his bicycle would not climb hills. Why? Because it was so badly tired! That same day I found myself before an old book-store, and for a half-hour I was absorbed in musty old books, back numbers of magazines and papers.

As I searched their contents, running my eyes quickly over the pages, my gaze was suddenly arrested by a little paragraph which told exactly the same story, even to the young man and his lady auditors, only in this case it was the carriage that would not go over the hill instead of the bicycle.

I turned to the title-page, and read: "June 16th, 1845."

FUNNY RUMOURS ABOUT ROYALTY.

H.R.H. HAS BEEN KILLED DOZENS OF TIMES, AND MR. GLADSTONE ONCE MARRIED THE QUEEN!

FROM time to time, especially in the "gogseberry season," foreign journalists amuse themselves and startle their confiding readers by circulating extraordinary reports concerning the doings, characters, and surroundings of English Royalty. It is not easy to understand why our Royal Family should be picked out to be the butt for their absurd reporting jokes; but such is almost invariably the case.

One of the most extraordinary of these reports was published in a Parisian journal of fair repute some years ago, and ran to the effect that Her Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria had died some ten years previously, and that her demise had been kept strictly private on account of the fact that the English people were so prejudiced against the Prince of Wales that his succession to the throne would cause a revolution.

For this reason an elderly lady, who bore a striking resemblance to the dead Queen, had been taught to impersonate her, so that the English people, always ready to be gulled, should not suspect the true facts, and so it had been decided that the Prince should not publicly succeed to the throne, but become the practical ruler until the death of the Queen's impersonator, when it was hoped the Prince of Wales would have changed the public opinion of him.

This report, absurd as it is on the very face, was copied extensively by the French provincial press, and even to-day many persons in remote corners of France believe implicitly that the report was absolutely true.

A little while ago, a New York society journal which prides itself upon the accuracy of its news, stated that the Prince of Wales was one of the best half-back football players in England, and captain of his team, which had three years in succession carried off the Cucca Cup. For the benefit of those of our readers who are not well versed in sporting matters, we will mention that the Cucca Cup is a cycling trophy, which makes the success of the Prince's team all the more wonderful.

Another American journal came out one week with the exclusive information, of which it had absolute proof, that Mr. Gladstone had been secretly married to Queen Victoria! The journal even went so far as to give the exact date and place of the wedding. We cannot help wondering if a marked copy of the journal was sent to Mrs. Gladstone, but as we do not recollect Mr. Gladstone having been mixed up in any bigamy case, we suppose that no copy of the report reached Hawarden.

At the time of the birth of Prince Edward of York, Continental and American journalists were all competing to see who could credit the baby Prince with the most horrible afflictions. One said he was blind, another said he was deaf and dumb, a third stoutly asserted that he had nine toes on one of his feet, but they could not state with any certainty which foot (oh, wonderful confession!)

Other papers said that the child was hump-backed, had a large "wine-stain" across his cheek, and so on and on, until the climax was reached by an American paper—prolific pens and minds. American journalists!—stating there was no Prince Edward of York at all! The child was that of an old servant, and was merely being put upon the nation as an heir to the throne as a matter of policy. No doubt, we English are a gullible people, but there is a high water-mark in our gullibility and this story about reaches it.

The number of times the Prince of Wales has been assassinated by Continental papers is really extraordinary. They seem to take a fiendish delight in dismissing him prematurely; indeed, he is the pet of these reporters.

Only the other day he was shot by a game-keeper in Scotland, and, "it is believed, with full intention to commit the dastardly deed." It is strange how slowly news travels in England, since we ourselves know nothing of this villainous attempt upon the life of our future King.

DR. MOLAR (kindly): "Now, does that hurt?"

HORSPHIZ: "I don't mind you working on the tooth so much, if you would only keep your sleeve button out of my eye."

FIRST TENOR: "I'm afraid our manager has a skeleton in his closet."

PRIMA DONNA: "Well, that won't do him half as much harm in the long run as will come to him on account of the skeletons he has in the chorus."

"I ALWAYS like to write with a soft lead-pencil," remarked the young man.

"Have you ever given any study," inquired the cruelly thoughtless girl, "to the manner in which a person's character will manifest itself in his handwriting?"

"THE idea of sending children to bed early to punish 'em!" exclaimed Mrs. Cossel, who was discussing her relatives. "That isn't any way to correct them."

"Of course it isn't," answered her husband. "If you want to convince 'em that you mean business, make 'em get up an hour or so earlier in the morning."

A LIFE'S WORK.

How can it be most Pleasantly and Profitably
Passed?

IX.—COMMERCIAL TRAVELLERS.

COMMERCIAL travellers are the diplomats of commerce, but, unlike ambassadors, they do not receive a royal reception everywhere they go.

Like the diplomat, the man who travels in town or country with wares to sell must necessarily have at his fingers' ends the letters that spell—to sum it all up in one word—"smartness."

Goods do not sell themselves. You may carry—if you represent a wholesale drapery house—very fine samples, the best, in fact, in the warehouse, everything good in the way of silks, stuffs, linens, lace, costumes, haberdashery, hosiery, or woollens, all got up in the very best and lavish style to please the eye; but unless the man who shows the goods is able to talk about them in persuasive language, and to fascinate people into buying what he has to show or sell, then, as a traveller, he won't be worth a row of pins either to himself or his firm.

The schooling, therefore, the young man may get in his young days is really beside the mark, although, of course, such is really necessary, for it does not follow that because the traveller in embryo has gone through the curriculum of the business he is engaged in he will make a good salesman.

A good salesman is the backbone of a commercial house, and the qualifications the travelling salesman must have to be a success, are, to put it tersely as it was put to P.W., first a lack of modesty, in other words, plenty of confidence; secondly, a skin which is no more sensitive than so much leather, in other words you must be thick-skinned; thirdly, you must have the gift of your mother tongue, and know how to use it freely and well, twisting words and sentences of doubtful meaning into phrases of compliments, and on no account sticking for a reply to any question, no matter what it is, that a buyer puts to you; lastly, you ought to have a little practical knowledge of the goods you are selling.

It is said with a certain amount of truth that a good salesman will sell anything, from a needle to an elephant or a railway bridge, and this independently of his early training, which may have been gained in quite another walk of life.

Commercial travellers representing wholesale drapery houses are decidedly in the ascendant, and if you thought of putting your boy to that trade, you would, if he were sixteen years of age, apprentice him first of all to a retail hosiery or haberdashery in your native town or city. He would be required to serve three years, during which time his employer would ask you for no premium, nor would the lad get any salary beyond, perhaps, a mere pittance for pocket-money in rare cases.

In some houses, in lieu of paying a premium, the parent or guardian of the lad would have to undertake to supply the boy with funds amounting to a few shillings a week until the terms of his apprenticeship were completed.

During the three years' probation the boy is put to all sorts of work, from cleaning windows and sweeping the shop out and taking money at the desk to selling goods behind the counter. At the end of his apprenticeship he will have had a smattering of all the departments of the drapery trade.

The traveller in embryo will now go to a London wholesale warehouse where he will become a junior salesman in the department for which he is best fitted.

If the lad were going in for the retail trade he would probably come up to London and fill a position in a good West-end establishment, beginning as an improver and then working himself up until he became second, third, or first man, then junior buyer, and, finally, buyer, the salary for which latter posts ranges from £100 to £500 a year.

Reverting to the wholesale trade, the young fellow would apply himself diligently to his work, making all the sales he possibly could and bringing credit to his name, and when a vacancy occurred either as first, second, or third man, he would be appointed to it, and, giving satisfaction in that capacity—which is always a trying one—he would be selected as an outside traveller at the first opportunity.

There are some cases where the youth from the country, notwithstanding his three years' apprenticeship, would have to begin at the bottom of the ladder in a London warehouse, starting at the desk in the entry-room.

Now as regards the financial side. The youth fresh from the provincial retail drapery establishment would, on entering a London wholesale house, start probably at about £20 per annum, with board and lodging—not washing. He would rise at about £10 a year, and having reached a salary of £40 per annum, with the same conditions attached, he would be drafted on to the salesman list, and it would all depend as to how he pleased his employers in that capacity whether he would be selected to represent them "on the road."

As we have broadly hinted at the beginning of the article, no man is chosen by rotation, the best man

being always selected for the vacancy occurring on the travellers' list. He would not, however, be appointed straightway to the place of a regular man resigning or promoted. He would probably be sent on, as it is called, an "experimental journey," for the purpose of testing his capabilities and business qualifications, and if he met with success he would then probably be finally appointed.

The salary of a commercial traveller depends entirely on the house he is representing, but as a rule the average income a good man may earn on the road ranges anywhere from £300 to £1,000 a year.

The old style of keeping a man's salary down and making it up with "commission" is drawing to a close. Some of the very best houses in London are increasing the salaries of their travellers on the average to £8 and £10 a week, but allowing them no commission.

In recent times firms used to allow their travellers as much as 30s. a day expenses. Then it got reduced to 25s., then to a guinea and £1, but now it is only 15s. a day, and very often this does not include Saturday.

It may seem strange perhaps that although a young man fresh from the country goes into one particular department of a big wholesale house, and sticks there for some years, yet he is selected by the firm to represent the house on the road with a bagful of "lines."

Of course it will be understood that although he has had no practical acquaintance with the latter for the past few years, still in his early days he had, and so is able to build up his knowledge of them from past experience.

Travellers in the grocery trade mostly work on commission, with a small weekly salary. This also applies to men travelling in ironmongery and hardware—small salary, commission, and out of pocket expenses being the rule. The china and glass trades are well represented on the road; but to be a perfect traveller in this particular department of commerce, one needs to go through factories.

Boots and shoes are represented by a large number of the commercial travelling fraternity, and although it is a specific line of commerce yet it is not necessary that the successful man in it need know very much of the practical side of boot-making.

The fur trade offers many chances for likely and promising young men. To make a successful fur traveller one need have only businesslike qualifications of a first-rate kind in order to command success.

All of the three last command decent incomes, ranging from £250 to £500 or £600 a year.

Perhaps one of the nicest trades to be identified with as a traveller is that associated with silver and electroplated goods. Now, in this instance, your boy must enter the office of a manufacturer at an early age. A few places may require small premiums, but the boy having served two or three years as a junior in this way, the time served will fit him for the position of a salesman in a good house in London, thence leading him on to travelling. He would start as a boy at a few shillings a week, and, having arrived at the position of a salesman, his weekly stipend would range from £60 to £100 a year, with probably a small commission. If sent on the road to represent his house, his starting salary would be about £200 a year, with commission and expenses. There are many men connected with this particular line of commerce who are drawing their £500 to £800 a year salary.

The trade is cut up, we know, by foreign competition and competitors who come over here from abroad, but the gentlemanly, business-like Britisher can always succeed in ploughing his way through a sea of difficulties; and he does.

"SHE says she has remained single from choice."

"That's right. I wouldn't undertake to say whose choice it was, but the broad, general statement is unquestionably true."

"It's all foolishness to talk about anyone getting the worst of it in the matrimonial game," declared the big man with a silk hat.

"How's that?"

"Marriage is always a tie."

LADY: "I wish to get a birthday present for my husband."

Shopwalker: "How long have you been married, madam?"

"Ten years."

"Bargain counter to the right, madam."

WHEN Phyllis sings, her joyous notes are heard for miles around.

They shiver up the mountain solitude;

The wild beasts stand and wonder at the strange, unearthly sound,

And even the echoes seem in frightened mood.

When Phyllis sings, the birds do fly away in sore affright,

And even I am thrilled from head to toe;

That voice would put a German band to wild, impetuous flight,

For Phyllis is a donkey, don't you know!

ATOMS OFF THE APEX.

THE Ameer of Afghanistan is fond of chess, and often plays a game with Sir E. Pyne, his English engineer.

"OUIDA" does not use a table for writing her stories. She sits on a low stool, with an ink-pot on the carpet, and writes on her knee.

MR. A. J. BALFOUR, Mr. Chaplin, Lord Salisbury, and Sir Michael Hicks Beach are the four members of the Cabinet who do not smoke.

THE Emperor William is the only King of Prussia who ever visited his kitchen. William II. often makes his way to that department of his household, and there is trouble if things are not just so.

MR. FREDERICK YORK WOLSELEY, a brother of the Commander-in-Chief of the British Army, is a great squatter in Australia. He is the inventor of an effective and rapidly acting sheep-shearing machine.

DON CARLOS, the Spanish Pretender, is accompanied everywhere he goes by a German boarhound. He is much attached to the dog, which sleeps outside his door at night, and master and pet are inseparable.

THE Tear is averse to the needless killing of animals of any kind. He has given up hunting and shooting, and his suite have done the same from motives of policy; the result is that the birds in the Imperial preserves are metaphorically living in clover.

It is not all pleasure to be the wife of a President of the United States. Mrs. McKinley receives about two hundred letters a day, all of which she feels bound to glance at, if not read entirely, and very many of which she is compelled by circumstances to answer.

MR. CECIL J. RHODES is the fourth son of a rector of Bishopstortford, and in his boyhood often scandalised the good people of the place by his tricks. If there was any "devilment" on foot, says one who knew him, it was a hundred to one that young Rhodes was in it.

THE Duke of Edinburgh—the Duke of Saxe-Coburg—finds amusement and solace in violin playing. He is a very good performer on the instrument, despite the story that the Prince of Wales once said he was willing to attend a certain amateur concert provided that his brother did not play the first violin.

BARONESS CEDEBROM, as plain Mme. Patti, has made as much as £70,000 in a single year, though at present it is said she does not trouble to make more than £10,000. Melba earns £30,000 when in full work. Sarah Bernhardt makes an average of £14,000, and Rosa Bonheur has sold one year's paintings for £38,000.

THE Prince of Wales takes great interest in the churches around Sandringham. When he first acquired the estate there was only one church in decent repair; but, one after another, the others have been restored, the Prince having liberally contributed towards defraying the cost. He has spent more than £5,000 in this way.

QUEEN VICTORIA, although of a very amiable disposition, is not easily wheedled or coaxed into doing a thing. The young Prince Henry of Battenberg can do most with her in that direction, and if any of the other grandchildren wish to obtain the Queen's assent to anything they usually persuade him to take the matter in hand for them.

THE Shah of Persia is a profound believer in the possibility of his country once more assuming the proud position it once held. The Persians ought to rule the world in his opinion; the power of Great Britain will wane ere long and there will be a contest among the nations for the pride of the place. Persia, he says, will be in that contest.

LADY CURZON, the wife of the Viceroy of India, is receiving many compliments from the natives with respect to the beauty of her face and figure. One journal, after calling her exceedingly lovely and comparing her with the goddess Saraswati, says that her voice is as sweet as that of the cuckoo, and her back as graceful as the neck of a swan.

HOLLAND's young Queen has a decided fondness for pretty clothes. A large assortment of dress goods was sent to the Palace the other day, and her mother proceeded to choose for the Queen some alpaca and plain material; but Wilhelmina flatly refused to abide by the selection, and chose figured silks and brilliant dress materials, even for morning wear. She said that her loving parent might make use of the plain stuffs if she liked them, but she wanted something prettier.

ANY poor child who likes to present himself or herself at the gate of the Royal Palace at Madrid at six o'clock in the evening can have a bowl of porridge. This custom originated through the young king having been detained in a remote district, owing to a breakdown of the engine. He became hungry, but no food was obtainable; his mother improved the occasion by telling him that many a poor child had to go to bed hungry, which so impressed the young-ster that he urged his mother to institute this charity.

It is naturally impossible to give within the limits of a single article all the details associated with any one occupation. The Editor will, however, be pleased to answer any inquiries, provided a stamp is inclosed and the envelope marked "A Life's Work."

HOW THE RED MAN GAMBLES.

HE WILL STAKE ALL HIS BELONGINGS, EVEN HIS WIFE AND CHILDREN.

UNBOUNDED belief in luck makes the Red Indians inveterate gamblers. There is nothing in an Indian's possession which he will not readily wager on a game of chance.

Nearly every noble red man is the possessor of an individual charm or fetish that gives him the ability to do things that other Indians cannot do. This fetish is something that belongs especially to the individual possessing it, and according to their belief would be of no use or advantage to any other Indian. No person besides the possessor knows what the fetish is, and were it to become known it would immediately lose its power for good.

Having full faith in the ability of his charm to bring luck to him, the Indian never fails to place all his possessions in the balance when there is a bet on. If he loses, he takes it philosophically, and attributes his bad luck to the greater power of his adversary's charm. If he wins, he has added faith in the power of his own charm.

Gambling is not a secret vice among the Indians. It is indulged in by all members of the tribe, and the more expert the gambler becomes the higher he stands in the estimation of his fellows. To have the fame of being a successful gambler causes an Indian to be looked up to almost as much as if he were a successful warrior. There is no fear of shocking the morals of even the highest chief by proposing a game with him; in fact, it rather flatters him.

One point of advantage held by the red man over his white brother is in the fact that when he loses everything he possesses he is not much poorer than he was before, and he can readily recoup himself by making a raid upon some unfortunate or weaker tribe. The white man may commit suicide, but the Indian simply looks after a victim.

In addition to his faith in his charm, the Indian places great dependence upon his ability to cheat. The best cheat is accorded the highest honours when gambling is indulged in. There is never a thought of getting angry over deft tricks or unfair methods so long as the perpetrator is not caught in the act. If he is caught, he simply refunds his gains, and is laughed at for his clumsiness. It is probable that no gambling game among Indians is ever played without what a white man would call outrageous cheating.

Some playing-cards have become common; games taught by the whites and Mexicans are generally the favourites among the red men. Monte is played for large amounts; sometimes an Indian becoming impoverished in a single night by trying his luck against a skilful player. An especially deft monte dealer will go from tribe to tribe in the New-Mexico mountains and return home loaded down with his winnings. Many Mexican gamblers devote their entire time in travelling among the various tribes in the Sierras. They win large fortunes, but lose them again in the large Mexican cities, where pulque works their ruin.

The players never get angry, and there is never any quarrelling over the games. Indians lose and win with a stoicism that is the envy of gentlemen among the whites. An Indian who lost all his belongings, even to his wife and children, got up with a smile on his face, and started out to steal enough from some unfortunate white man or other tribe of Indians to make up for his lost fortune.

Two principals choose sides, or two villages are arrayed against each other, and then the fun begins. The opposing sides sit opposite each other in a long double row. Between the rows are spread blankets, upon which the stakes are placed.

It frequently takes an hour to settle all the points of stakes. A toss is made to see which side shall hold the bone, which, being settled, all is attention. The centre player takes a small bone in his hand and begins a series of frantic jugglings to deceive his opponents, and then rapidly passes his hands to the person on the right, and then to his left, as if placing the bone in their hands.

Immediately the two go through similar motions, and apparently pass the bone on to their next neighbour. This is continued until the whole line, sometimes composed of a hundred Indians, is a maze of waving hands and arms, each Indian trying to make the other believe he holds the bone. Should one of the watchers have reason to believe that he can discover the bone, he points, and immediately the hand is held out. If he wins, the bone is passed across the line, and a point is scored for the side holding the bone, and the whole thing begins over again.

Should the bone be accidentally dropped, it counts a point for the opposite side, where the bone also goes. The game consists of twenty-one points, and sometimes lasts two days and one night without cessation. In a game between a band of Utes and a band of Navajoes near the Southern Ute agency in 1879, the Navajoes lost their entire possessions, consisting of horses, arms, robes, tents, clothing, and a large sum of money.

They left without a murmur, but an Indian raid on a New Mexican town was reported soon after, and that same band of Navajoes showed up at an agency within a month with a good outfit.

Hard on the Discoverer.

ALUMINIUM was discovered in the reign of Tiberius, 1,939 years ago.

An artificer made a beautiful aluminium cup and presented it to his emperor, whereupon Tiberius sent for the workman and questioned him.

The artificer stated that the cup was made by a process known only to himself and the gods.

Tiberius, fearing that it would lower the price of silver and gold, ordered the unfortunate artificer to be beheaded, saying grimly:

"That is a secret not best for man to know. It were better to let the gods keep it."

Forgiven.

"CLARA," said William Wharton, as he placed his arms round his wife and looked down into her eyes, "I have a confession to make to you, and I want you to promise, before I begin it, that you will forgive me."

A wild fear took possession of her. She placed a little white hand upon her heart, and would have fallen if her husband had not held her up. Her face became livid, and she could only gasp:

"Tell me—tell me what it is!"

"I cheated a man out of £50 to-day," he said. "Can you, darling—can you forgive me?"

The colour came back into her cheeks, her lips parted in a glad, sweet smile, she rested her head against his breast, and, looking fondly up to his eyes, said:

"Oh, Will, dear, how you frightened me! I thought you were going to tell me that you had kissed your typist!"

Spinach for Spring Time.

THE NEWEST REMEDY FOR EVERYTHING.
FROM A RED NOSE TO A WHITE LIVER.

WE are all familiar with the patent medicine sign which commends itself to us by these cabalistic words: "For that tired feeling!" Now, those who may object to buying bottles and bottles of this cure for weariness may obtain the same results by a liberal use of the common every-day spinach.

The French call this homely vegetable the scavenger of the stomach, and now our own medical men are awakening to its wonderful medicinal properties. It contains salts of potassium, iron and other things which conduce to a good complexion, long life, and a cheerful disposition.

The man with a disordered liver, and the woman with a bad complexion, should contract the spinach habit and these things will be rectified. The chemist Bingo says that this article of food contains more iron to the square inch than "the most renowned ferruginous remedies."

So convinced has the medical profession become of the value of the once despised spinach, that it is said to be an important factor in several new and popular tonics.

The iron in spinach is easily assimilated, and the vegetable is easily digested. The fact that spinach has such a remarkable effect upon the complexion will recommend it to the girls, and its beneficial effects on the liver will recommend it to the men.

In short, the virtues of the vegetable are so numerous, that it would take a long time to tell them, but if the spinach habit grows to anything like the proportion reached by the oatmeal fad, we shall shortly turn into a strong, iron built, fresh complexioned, antibilious nation.

HER laughter drowns my sorrow,
Her smile dispels the gloom
That wraps its sombre folds around
The silence of my room.

A tiny arm around my neck,
A press of velvet cheek,
And then a kiss that tells me more
Than mortal tongue can speak.

My baby girl about me weaves
A wreath of sunshine bright,
And lays the golden crown of day
Upon the brow of night.

"PAPA, what is a financial forecast?"
"It's the way your mother looks through my pocket-book at night before she asks me for money next morning."

WE notice that the temperance journals make a great fuss, every once in a while, about "men who must always have their glass before they can begin their day's work." Why can't they let the glaziers alone?

THE GOLF FEVER.—"So you can't play with me on the 20th?" said one young golfing man to another over the telephone.

"Don't see how I possibly can, old man. But, I say, leave it open for a couple of days. Between you and me I have an appointment to be married on that date, but she may be willing to make a change, so that I can have a round with you."

PLANTS MARRIED TO ORDER.

WONDERFUL EXPERIMENTS BEING MADE THAT WILL REVOLUTIONISE THE GROWTH OF OUR COMMON FRUITS AND VEGETABLES.

FOR ages—in fact, since the very beginning of such life—the plants and flowers of the earth have been free to marry when, and how, and whom it pleased them so to do.

You might not think it, but they are very particular about the alliances they contract. They keep very much in the family. You might place the poppy and the balsam side by side in the same flower-bed, and nurture them with every care, but for all that they would have nothing to do with each other. The poppy would flaunt its big, gay blossom in the sunlight, and the demure balsam would keep ever within the protecting shade of its foliage.

But this natural shyness and reticence has been overcome, to some extent, by skilful florists, who have, by proper introduction and fostering of an acquaintanceship between two widely-estranged flowers, succeeded in bringing about a marriage with the most happy results.

Now the scientist is stepping in, and is going to constitute himself a marriage bureau for the whole vegetable kingdom. This is wholly because of the pride which is peculiar to most vegetables and fruits. So proud are they of their family and its traditions, that they are apt to become, in some instances, effete, not to say actually useless.

But it is not with these that the matrimonial scientist concerns himself. His aim is chiefly to bring about alliances with the poorer families with a view to educating them up to a higher standard of living and greater usefulness.

It is well known what success has been achieved in the way of producing a seedless orange; many varieties of grapes have been crossed, and the most successful results have followed. So also with the apple, the plum, the potato, and so forth.

Many families in the fruit and vegetable world have been forced to marry against their natural tendencies, and so far as we can judge, their married life is very happy. This is one of the instances in which interferences in matrimonial matters is usually fruitful of good.

Of course, a matchmaker must possess judgment. For instance, if he should attempt to force an alliance between the strawberry and the milk weed in the hope of obtaining a plant that will produce strawberries and cream, he would very likely fail.

The orange and the grape fruit have been wedded recently in great profusion, the idea being to obtain a fruit which shall combine the medicinal qualities of the one and the sweetness and flavour of the other. The orange and the lemon have also been united, but it is not an assured success. It is feared that the acidity of Mr. Lemon will be the death of sweet-flavoured Miss Orange.

In Germany potatoes are grown in immense quantities especially for the starch industry. Therefore, experiments are being tried with a view to uniting certain members of a family, with a view to obtaining a variety that shall be very rich in starch.

This the plants will not do themselves, so they have to be assisted. Now if you wished to grow a race of giants, you would take the tallest man and woman that could be found and marry them, and repeat the process with each generation. At first the offspring will follow no rule, but after several generations they can be depended upon to give the results wanted. In such experiments carried on along these lines in Germany, the potato has been made to yield 26 per cent. of starch, which is very great.

There is going to be a very important wedding of the cotton plant in America this year. The plant from which we get all our cotton now is a beautiful blonde—better call it an albino, perhaps. Well, this in its present state must be dyed if it is wanted in any other colour than white.

Now in Peru there has been found a sort of black sheep of the cotton family. It is of poor quality and dark brown colour. By wedding this brunette of the South to the American blonde, it is hoped that a dark type of cotton of improved and more hardy growth may be evolved. This, of course, would not need to be dyed, at least for the brown shade. The blossoms of most plants contain male and female elements, and it is by uniting these from the different plants that the marriage or hybridisation of the plants is accomplished.

By the time that our matrimonial agents in this field have been at work half a century, it is likely that we shall have very few of the actual varieties of fruit or vegetables which our fathers knew.

What would you think of a plant that would grow two vegetables at once? Yet this is being done. Space on this little earth is getting valuable, and plants must be taught to economise. Therefore the tomato which grows its fruit above the ground and the potato which grows it beneath the ground have been united by grafting. This may seem like overworking the plant, but there need be no fear since the plant will speedily give out if it cannot stand the strain. This, however, it does not seem inclined to do.

If you do not get the books while our offer lasts, you will ever regret it. Don't miss the opportunity.

THE DERBY OF THE THAMES.

CREWS THAT ROWED IN STRAW HATS.

ROWING, it seems, was practised at Oxford long before it became fashionable at Cambridge.

The first match between the two Universities took place at Henley in 1829, over a course measuring two miles two furlongs. The Cambridge men were all weighed before the race, but only four of the Oxford men thought it necessary to scale.

The interest attaching to the Oxford victory lies in the fact that out of the crew no fewer than six subsequently attained eminence in the Church, three becoming deans, one a prebendary, one a bishop, and one a rector.

Cambridge was so disheartened by hollow beating that they did not row again till 1836, the course being from Westminster to Putney; they won. It was now the turn of Oxford to be daunted, and they did not recover their courage till 1839, but fortune was against them till 1842, when they scored their second victory.

The races went on with fluctuating results till 1856, when they became annual. The costumes at first were extremely varied in hue and design. In 1829 orders were issued for the Cambridge crew to wear white shirts, pink neckties, and nautical straw hats.

This order caused such ill-feeling that the race was on the verge of being abandoned. The three Trinity men wanted to wear their buff jerseys with broad blue stripes, whilst the three oarsmen hailing from St. John clung to their jerseys with narrow pink stripes. After a while the crew gave in to the white shirts, but the majority shied at the pink necktie, till they found it did very well as a sash. The Oxford rowed in white and blue jerseys.

The light blue of Cambridge was first used in '36, and its adoption was the result of an accident. Just before the boat was launched for the race, it was discovered that she had no colours in the bow. The person dispatched to the draper's for some ribbon, brought back a piece of light blue, which, being near the tint of the Eton colours, was adopted.

For some reason which has never been explained, the public have got to believe that the training undergone by University oarsmen shortens their lives. This is not so. Taking them altogether 'Varsity oars are a long-lived race. Putting the average age at which they first row for their University at twenty, it has been found that the Cambridge men live for forty years after their first race, and the Oxford men forty-three years, the increased longevity of the Oxford men being explained by the comparative unhealthiness of the Cam, as compared with the Isis.

Although Cambridge has lost the majority of matches, she monopolises the honour of furnishing the only two instances in which both father and son have rowed: Two Selwyns and two Riddleys. Taking the sum total of all the matches, no fewer than twenty pairs of brothers, or forty in all, have taken part in the races. The House of Lords does not figure conspicuously in the records. The Upper House. His lordship rowed for Oxford in only one peer—Lord Cloncurry—has ever represented 1859.

Baronets seem a much more muscular body. Five have taken part in the struggle, four of the number rowing for Oxford. Add to this the fact that amongst the Cambridge crews are to be found three Smiths and five Jones', whilst Oxford has no names so plebeian as these, one would think that Oxford is a more patrician University than Cambridge. These sort of statistics are, however, delusive.

The heaviest oarsman was No. 5 in the Oxford boat of 1829. His name was Toogood, and he weighed, after he had been subjected to the severest training, 11st. 10lb. The lightest oarsman who has ever rowed in a match was a Mr. Raven, who only weighed 8st. 12lb. He pulled at bow, and did his work well, so it is said.

Although the weight of both crews has been gradually increasing of late years, the heaviest which ever came to Putney was the one which represented Oxford in 1871. The average weight of the men was 12st. 4½lb. A good heavy man being better than a good light one, the records show but few light crews.

The lightest crew was that of 1854, the average weight being 10st. 10½lb. At Cambridge first Trinity has supplied more than double as many oarsmen as any of the other colleges. At Oxford the majority come from Christ Church, but the disposition is not so great.

In 1843 Oxford rowed the race with only seven oars. Just before taking his seat in the boat the stroke fainted. The Oxford had a good spare oar in readiness, but the Cambridge men would not allow him to row on the grounds of the public money depending on the race.

The Oxford men having decided to row with seven oars, No. 7 taking the place of No. 8, and so on, the Cambridge men raised another objection on the grounds that they had undertaken to row eight, they were sternly told that, if they refused, they would be held to have lost.

Enraged by their treatment, the Oxford men pulled with such vigour that they actually won the race by a length.

A Vivid Description.

SIGNOR B. was in great form recently with his double bass at a London ballad concert.

A short-sighted gentleman in the gallery thus records his impressions: "The professor then carried on to the platform a gigantic beetle attached to the end of a sort of lamp-post. He leant over and fondly embraced it, tickling its back violently with a long comb."

"The spectators seemed much delighted at this display of scientific affection. The beetle was apparently quite unmoved. Then the professor gave a capital imitation of the drunken man and the lamp-post. He swayed rapidly up and down, clutching quickly at all points."

"Sometimes his fingers quivered passionately upon one spot, like an ill-tempered man struggling with an obstinate pair of braces. Sometimes he rested momentarily, as one rests after a contest with a stiff white tie."

"Finally, he gave a last convulsive tickle to the huge beetle, picked himself up from the lamp-post, and carried off the unresisting insect. The audience applauded vigorously."

Light and Darkness

ARE BOTH GOOD MEDICINES IF WE KNOW HOW TO USE THEM.

ALL who have ever suffered from a toothache know to their sorrow that the pains increase as the night grows older. A toothache which during the day interfered but little with our enjoyment of life is likely to develop during the hours of darkness into a veritable terror, that makes us revere the accident of our birth.

It is the same with an earache, asthmatic troubles, etc. Asthma is most likely to develop into a smothering nightmare between the hours of 10 p.m. and 6 a.m.

The reason has been told by Dr. Goldscheider, of the Vienna University, in a paper read before his class. He thinks the darkness prevailing in the average bedroom is at fault.

Light, he says, plays a greater part in the pathology of aches than most people imagine. Those are, generally speaking, the healthiest members of the human family who live in sunlit, well-aired rooms, and who move about in the sun as much as practicable.

If in daytime we are stricken with pain, our sufferings are certainly less, relatively speaking, than they would be if the malady had seized us at night, for light and sunshine soothe our feelings and do not allow us to abandon ourselves to the feeling of pain.

When night comes, the painful sensations increase; they are bearable as long as we are in the gas or lamp-light, but become intense the moment we stretch out in bed, enveloped by stillness and darkness. A lessening of the pain is observable only after sunrise.

"What does it mean?" ask the doctors. "That darkness and stillness are not conducive to the comfort of sick people. Therefore, I say, if you have pains in the evening, do not rob yourself of the soothing effects of a lamp. In ninety-nine out of a hundred cases the presence of a light in the sick-room alleviates pain."

"For the same reasons, do not let your children sleep in the dark if they prefer a light. The denial of a night light has made many a child ill with heart disease. If children refuse to sleep in the dark, it may be assumed that there is some physical or mental reason for it which we ought to respect."

"From the above rules nervous people are exempt. Some of them absolutely refuse to find rest until all is quiet and dark about them. I have found that in cases of migrain, a neuralgic pain in one side of the head, nothing would do but to place the patient in an absolutely dark and still room, if possible at the top of the house."

"I advise that people suffering from sick headache should interrupt their day's work, and take themselves for a quarter of an hour to a darkened room proof against noises."

"Nature has put two great remedies in our hands—light and darkness. Sufferers should find out for themselves which best agrees with them."

"MA, we ain't got comp'ny, 'ave we?"

"No, Tommie."

"Well, what makes you stick your little finger out when you drink tea?"

HE knew what they always say, so he thought he would forestall her.

"I suppose you've never been kissed by a man before?" he said.

"Do I look as homely as all that?" she demanded haughtily.

DESPAIRING LOVER: "Bertha, have you nothing to say in answer to the letter I wrote you last Thursday? Do you know that all my future is bound up in your reply to that letter?"

Fair Maiden: "I haven't looked at it, Horace. Next Tuesday is my day for opening sealed proposals."

"WIFE, what a lot of grammatical errors you make."
"What of it? Aren't they as good as those your mother used to make?"

ADMIRING FRIEND: "You may not realise it, Wilson, but your daughter is a poem."

Editor (with a sigh): "I do realise it. Hers is one of the few cases where I have to pay for poetry."

Mrs. BEASLEY: "I can't understand how the Mulvins manage to live so well on his income."

Mr. Beasley: "I can. I went up to his office to see him yesterday, and twenty-seven men who were waiting in the hall cried out in chorus asking what firm I was collecting for."

"UNCLE JAMES," said a young lady who was spending a few days in the country, "is that chicken by the gate a Brahmin?"

"No," replied Uncle James; "he's a Leghorn."

"Why, of course, to be sure!" said the young lady. "How stupid of me! I can see the horns on his ankles."

"VAIN, vain!" he cried in agony. "For I am a poor man, while you have been reared in the lap of luxury."

Into her eyes came a dreamy look, such as ordinary persons affect when their corns hurt them; but she was no ordinary person.

"One lap gets mighty monotonous," she observed, for there was her maidenly reserve to be thought of.

PHYLLIS has made him a sweet plum cake
(Sing hey for a bride in the bright springtime!)

With her own hand she the sweet did make
(Sing hey for the lilt of a merry rhyme!)

Home to the cottage when day is done
(Sing hey for the wife at the rose-grown door!)

He ate the cake at the set of sun
(Sing hey for the hearse with plumelets four!)

"Pearson's Weekly" Railway, Football, and Cycling Insurance.

474 INSURANCE CLAIMS HAVE BEEN PAID.

(Including one of a Thousand Pounds.)

This Insurance holds good for any number of claims to the extent of £1000—not for one only.

£1000 SPECIALLY GUARANTEED

OCEAN ACCIDENT AND GUARANTEE CORPORATION LIMITED.

40, 42, and 44, MOORGATE STREET, LONDON, E.C.

(To whom Notice of Claims, under the following conditions, must be sent within seven days to the above address.)

INSURANCE TICKET, applicable to passenger trains in Great Britain and Ireland.

Issued under Section 33 of the Ocean Accident and Guarantee Company, Limited, Act, 1890.

ONE THOUSAND POUNDS

will be paid by the above Corporation to the legal representative of any person killed by an accident to the train in which the deceased was an ordinary ticket-bearing passenger (including holders of season and excursion tickets, and post-office officials in any of the railway sorting vans, and railway servants travelling with pass or railway servants' tickets in an ordinary carriage), and who, at the time of such accident, had in his, or her, possession, the Insurance Coupon on the front page, or the paper in which it is, with his, or her, usual signature, written in ink or pencil on the space provided at the foot. This paper may be left at his, or her, place of abode, so long as the coupon is signed.

PROVIDED ALSO, that the said sum will be paid to the legal representatives of such person injured should death result from such accident within three calendar months thereafter, and that notice of the accident be given within three days of its occurrence.

One Hundred Pounds will be paid to whomsoever the Editor of Pearson's Weekly may decide to be next-of-kin of any cyclist or football player who meets his death by an accident while actually riding a cycle or playing football, provided that deceased at the time of such accident, had in his, or her, possession, the Insurance Coupon to be found on the front page, or the paper in which it is, with his, or her, usual signature, written in ink or pencil on the space provided at the foot, and that death occurred within twenty-four hours thereafter, and that notice was given of such accident to the said Corporation at above address, within three days of its occurrence.

The above conditions are the essence of the contract. This Insurance holds good for the current week of issue only, and entitles the holder to the benefit of, and is subject to, the conditions of the "Ocean Accident and Guarantee Company, Limited, Act," 1890, Clauses No. 2 and 3.

The Purchase of this publication is admitted to be the payment of a Premium under Sec. 31 of the Act. A Print of the Act can be seen at the office of this Journal, or of the said Corporation. No person can recover more than one Coupon Ticket of this paper in respect of the same risk.

W.R.—Subscribers who have duly paid a twelve-months subscription for PEARSON'S WEEKLY in advance to their newsagent, or to the publisher, need not, during the period covered by their subscription, sign the coupon, or carry the paper on their person. It is only necessary to forward the newsagent's receipt to the publisher of the paper, Henrietta Street, London, W.C., and a certificate will be sent in exchange.

I HEREBY CERTIFY that the premium in respect of PEARSON'S WEEKLY £1,000 RAILWAY INSURANCE and also of the FOOTBALL and CYCLING INSURANCES has been paid up to April 30th, 1899, and that therefore every purchaser of PEARSON'S WEEKLY is insured with this Company against Fatal Railway Accident to the extent of ONE THOUSAND POUNDS, and against Fatal Cycling and Football Accident, under the conditions named in the notice above.

RICH. J. PAULL,

Manager for the Ocean Accident and Guarantee Corporation Ltd.

If you want them bound in half morocco the cost will be £10 cash or £10 10s. in instalments. People who have seen the books express their surprise that we are able to send out so good an article for the money.

Seventy Feet of Thermometer.

GALILEO, Fahrenheit, and the other talented personages of bygone times who have invented thermometers, would certainly have some difficulty in recognising the giant descendant of their offspring that is being set in position in Winchester.

Possibly Fahrenheit would see some resemblance to the instrument invented by him in 1726; but Galileo, Drebbel, and others who were busy with the invention of instruments for measuring the temperature at the beginning of the seventeenth century, would shake their learned heads, and also would probably have doubts concerning the substitution of mercury for coloured water or spirit—the media that were used in their time.

The latest giant thermometer is seventy feet long, and is to be used for recording the temperature of the earth at rather more than that depth. It is the largest ever made, the record for size having been held till now by the one known as Forbes' thermometer, which was forty feet long. When the latter was constructed it was regarded as a marvellous piece of work; but we move quickly in these days, and this new "infant" has not caused anything like the same amount of excitement, stupendous as it undoubtedly is.

To make the scale for the new instrument the following basis was adopted. The mercury was frozen, and the degree marked as freezing point on the scale; it was then boiled and the degree again marked. The distance between the two markings was then divided into equal sections. It will be easy for experts to compare the records of this scale with the ordinary instruments in use.

The giant is to be sunk in a shaft one hundred feet deep. To get it into position, a scaffolding has been erected high enough to inclose the thermometer in all its length. One end will be placed on the platform and the other end raised by a crane until the perpendicular is reached; then it will be lowered into the shaft as gently as a baby.

Scientists expect to learn much concerning the temperature of the earth by this method. Excavations of a greater depth have been made in mines, but the surroundings have not been so adapted to the purpose of thermometrical registration as in this shaft. They are curious to know whether things are as hot down that way as volcanic eruptions seem to suggest, and the results of their observations may lead to important modifications in present-day theories.

Important Notice.

OWING to the advent of Easter, the following papers will be published earlier:

Pearson's Weekly, dated April 8th, will be published on Thursday, March 30th.

Home Notes, dated April 8th, will be published on Thursday, March 30th.

The April numbers of **Pearson's Magazine**, **Dress-making at Home**, **Fashions for Children**, **Home Cookery** will be published on Thursday, March 30th.

THE POET: "These wild, delirious loves do not last as do the sane and sober kind."

The Toper: "Just so; and whisky would last longer if you made it half water, but who would be such an idiot?"

THIS IS A MECHANICAL AGE.—Mrs. Brown (at Mrs. Smith's tea): "Oh, dear, that dreadful Miss Smith is singing again. I wonder what started her?"

Tom Brown (aged seven): "I dropped a penny down her back when she wasn't looking."

AMATEUR POET: "How's this line of my 'Ode to My Sweetheart'—Thy bright eyes outrival twin diamonds?"

His Sister: "Make it 'Thy rivals shall eye thy twin diamonds,' and she's yours for ever."

NANETTE: "Ah, but beauty is only skin deep, after all. How do I know that the man I marry will not become cold when I begin to fade?"

Gladys: "Oh, don't worry about that. The man who marries you will banish beauty from his consideration at the start."

DOCTOR: "Your wife, sir, is suffering from general functional derangement."

Mr. Parvenu: "I knew it. Perhaps she'll give me credit for knowing a few things after this. I told her to leave off gadding to all those swell functions or she'd be ill. Now she's deranged. Is she likely to be violent, doctor?"

Photographers with "Stock" Lovers.

A SEASIDE photographer has hit on a novel method of securing patronage. Finding, like others of the fraternity, that the trade was going to the dogs, he secured the services of a handsome young man—a veritable Apollo—who, clad in flannels and wearing an adorable moustache, made himself useful in a very original manner.

Day-trippers, especially of the persuasive sex, like to be photographed side by side with their lovers; but in the case of heart-whole and fancy-free maidens, seaside photography does not directly appeal to their sympathies. Our hero of the camera supplies the usual long-felt want, and for sixpence extra any lonely damsel may secure a picture of herself and the knight of the flannels in tinfoil frame complete. Hundreds of sportive maidens availed themselves of this exceptional offer at a favourite seaside resort last summer, no doubt bearing away the trophy of their holiday to flaunt before the eyes of their envious co-workers.

Next season will most likely behold the man of plates and his "stock" lover working the rounds at some other popular holiday place. According to the originator's confession, business was never so thriving, even in the palmy days of seaside photography.

An artiste in a not very fashionable part of a large provincial city frequently avails himself of the services of a handsome Italian organ-grinder, who condescends to pose for a few pence—lover, of course, being his invariable rôle. Habited in the customary frock-coat and silk hat, he places himself entirely at the disposal of the would-be-wooed damsel and photographer. Working girls are the best customers, and prize their cabinets highly.

Perhaps in the dim future we shall see the seaside photographer with a bevy of "summer girls" in attendance, each willing to play lover to handsome single men who come down to do the grand. There is at least one lovely maiden who is frequently asked to make a figure in a picture. She is the daughter of the travelling photographer, and her photographs figure conspicuously in the showcases.

Sometimes she is one of a group, but more frequently seated on the rocks, not necessarily close to the hero, who pays for the photograph. Placing his daughter in the same picture frequently brings the artiste additional orders.

THE INFLUENZA EPIDEMIC. First Symptoms.

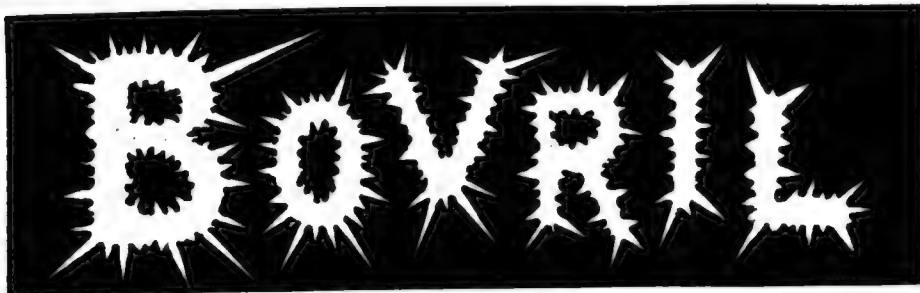


The primary symptoms of Influenza are usually catarrhal, accompanied or succeeded by pains in the limbs, weakness and depression, dull headache and feverishness.

When health is impaired and vitality low the system is dangerously susceptible to the epidemic.

Bovril, taken between meals and at night time before retiring, supplies the vital forces with the required resisting power. It imparts tone and natural warmth, strengthening and fortifying the system against colds and chills.

Bovril is not only a preventive of influenza, but, being the perfection of condensed nourishment in a form most acceptable to invalids and convalescents, speedily dispels the disease, resuscitates energy and life, renovates wasted tissue, and effects prompt and complete recovery.



CHIPS OF KNOWLEDGE.

THERE is not one illiterate family in all Denmark.

THE screw alone of an Atlantic liner costs about £5,000.

THERE are always 1,200,000 people afloat on the seas of the world.

THERE are fewer suicides among miners than among any other class of workmen.

A GERMAN law prevents proprietors of eating-houses from serving beer to people eating fruit.

THE Chinese tael is a coin which has never existed. It is simply a unit used for convenience.

It is calculated that the men of Great Britain spend at least £5,000,000 every year on silk hats.

STRANGE bed-warmers are used by Chilian women. In cold weather, when in bed, they keep their feet warm by placing them on a dog.

THE Japanese have three forms of salutation—one for saluting an inferior, one for saluting an equal, and another for saluting a superior.

SOME Continental governments make money through lotteries. Prussia raised £4,000,000 last year, and Italy secured £2,500,000 by such means.

THE elephant beetle of Venezuela is the biggest of its species. An average specimen of this insect, when full grown, weighs half a pound.

A REMARKABLE feature of India is the number of deserted capitals. There are no fewer than three old Delhi, all close to each other, and south of the present city.

A TURNIP seed increases its own weight fifteen times in a minute. On peat ground turnips have been found to increase by growth 16,000 times the weight of their seed each day.

THERE is one portion of the human body which continues to increase in size throughout life, and does not cease with the attainment of maturity. This is the crystalline lens of the eye.

IN a portion of Hanover, Germany, a local decree requires each farmer to deliver to the authorities twelve sparrows or sparrowheads between October 1st and December 1st, or pay a fine.

WHEN the German Emperor travels on German railways a detailed bill is made out for every engine and coach used and for the distance traversed. It is estimated that he pays the Prussian railway about £5,000 a year.

THE death penalty is rarely enforced in Germany, Austria, Denmark, or Sweden. In New York eleven out of twelve murderers escape without any punishment, and in the United States only one murderer in fifty suffers capital punishment.

THE East Greenlanders journey round to West Greenland to get snuff, and will consume four years in a single excursion there and back, often, according to Nansen, remaining no longer than an hour at the trading station before taking up their homeward march.

FRANCISQUE SARCEY, the dramatic critic, says that all the Paris theatres, except the new Opera Comique, are full of fleas. He suggests that sheep should be driven into the playhouses before each performance to attract the pests—a method that is said to have been tried with success in Spanish amusement houses.

BUDDHIST priests are very slack now, even playing football sometimes. Siamese football is played with a wicker ball, and the players are not allowed to touch it with their hands, being, however, allowed to use their heads, shoulders, and knees. The object is not to let the ball touch the ground, and some of them are very skilful at it.

It is not generally known that the remains of all the Tsars of Russia since Peter the Great lie in a memorial chapel built on one of the islands of the Neva. All the cenotaphs are exactly alike, each being a block of white marble, without any decoration whatever. The only distinction by which one is marked is the name of the deceased Emperor.

THE most expensive material ever produced for a dress was that purchased by the German Empress last year from Lyons. It was white silk brocade, having flowers, birds, and foliage in relief, and cost £25 a yard, the actual value of the raw silk, it is said, being £20. The Empress was so struck with its beauty that she had not the heart to cut it up, and it was eventually turned into curtains. The price paid for this material is about double as much as the famous cloth of gold that Louis XIV. had made into a dressing-gown.

CHINESE girls are now, it seems, being smuggled into the United States in boxes. A steamer which arrived in San Francisco a short time ago had four large boxes on board, and a Japanese passenger asked that these should be taken to his state-room. While carrying one the steredores heard a peculiar noise issuing from it, and upon opening, it was found to contain four Chinese girls, who were overcome by suffocation. A small hole was discovered in one end of the box to let in air, but the boxes were laid on the wharf with the holes down, and thus the air was shut out.

Dinner in a Dungeon.

THE society element of New York have found a novel and weird way of spending their evenings. To those who enjoy springing surprises on their friends, the "Jolly Dungeon"—for such the scene of these gruesome festivities is designated—affords a lot of fun, and is looked upon as the novelty of the hour just now.

A score or more friends are asked out to dine, and on arriving at the host's house they are bundled one and all into a rickety stage coach and whisked off to the dungeon. Without knowing their destination, they are led through a long, dingy passage towards a flickering light, which is seen, on coming nearer, to be set back in a recess half hidden by cobwebs.

The men wonder what is coming next, and the women are nearly frightened out of their wits. Then the host fetches forth a huge key, and, coolly fitting it into a huge padlock, unlocks the great iron swing door. He then solemnly bows his guests in and locks the door behind them. The party would be in total darkness except for two straight shoots of light from bull's-eye lanterns and a faint green gleam through a crevice in one corner.

Once inside, the dungeon is flooded with electric light, and opera wraps and top hats are got rid of, and every one enters into the spirit of the occasion. Butchers' aprons are passed around. The guests are seated on benches built into the wall, in front of which is a wooden box with a stone mug and a clay dish filled with salt. In the centre of the room an old soap box supports a celery bowl, and all hands help themselves.

Coloured attendants in convict garbs flit to and fro with cocktails of the old fashioned kind, and serve beef-steaks on thin, square pieces of bread. This is taken directly in the fingers, for there are neither plates nor forks to be had.

The guests indulge in singing and dancing, and the dungeon echoes with merrymaking. It is quite late when the rickety stage coach finally rolls away, and when the great iron door clangs on the deserted dungeon.

A Change of Habits.

ONE of the most respectable and dignified citizens of Sheffield, is Mr. Shiloh. To-day Mr. Shiloh believes himself to have been a victim of a conspiracy on the part of his friends. It all came about in this way:

One of the gentleman's peculiarities of long standing is that he will never pick up a package on the street or in a public place. No matter how inviting-looking the parcel or portly the purse, the most that the major has ever been known to do is to sweep it to one side with his cane and pass on. He has held all such to be snares for the unwary. That is, he did till last spring.

He remembers now of having boasted quietly of his circumspection in this regard to some friends at the club about the middle of March. He further recollects that it was that same afternoon that his attention was attracted by a small parcel with a rubber band round it lying in front of his gate on the pavement.

Why he should have felt a desire to take it up he cannot imagine, but he did. Perhaps its very poverty of appearance—not much larger than his finger, in brown paper, with a common rubber band—attracted him; anyhow, he peered about, saw that nobody was looking, and violated his life-long principles by picking it up. It contained four five-pound notes!

It had been better for him had he never seen the roll. He was bitten with a fierce desire to pick up every packet he saw on the street. He even felt that he must go out of his way to look for things. Visions of undreamed wealth which he had missed in the past by his absurd cautiousness haunted him. He would make up for the past by diligence in the future.

Mr. Shiloh had pretty poor pickings during March; but business looked up wonderfully with the opening of the following month. April 1st was the Major's busy day. That night he balanced the account mentally as follows:

DEBIT.

Three pocket-books, empty.
Five pocket-books stuffed with paper.
Two pocket-books filled with sawdust.
Eight purses containing miscellaneous substances.
Eleven pocket-books with card inside marked "April Fool."

Fifteen purses snatched away by concealed string, contents, therefore, not ascertained.
Twenty-two packages and parcels containing paper or sawdust.

Thirteen packages filled with sand.

One package containing champagne cork, wish-bone of fowl, broken jew's-harp, piece of common brick, a last year's almanac, and a deceased canary-bird.

CREDIT.

One purse containing a sixpence.
Later in the evening, when Mr. Shiloh tried to pass the coin at a cigar-shop, he found that it was a counterfeit. He then fell into a train of thought, which ended in the firm conviction that he had been led into it all by friends, who had placed the four counterfeit £5-notes where he found them, though he has no proof of this. But he has returned to his old habit of passing parcels by on the other side.

Decorating Easter Eggs.

FOR blown eggs, make a small hole at each end of the egg and blow out the contents. Rinse clean. Draw a narrow ribbon through double from one hole to the other, tying in a bow at the lower end and leaving a loop at the upper end, which may also have a bow if desired.

Decorate the eggshell in water colours, some small flower tracery or ecclesiastical design. A pretty effect may be had by painting the rest of the eggshell with gold or silver paint, thus bringing out the tints of the water colours in greater relief.

Another method is to cut an eggshell to about two-thirds of its size and glue a narrow ribbon firmly on opposite sides to hang it by; tie in a bow on top.

Fringe a piece of silk, about an inch wide, on both edges, leaving a narrow strip in centre, double and sew to a little strip of paper the size of the rim of the egg-shell, and join to this strip a silk lining to fit inside the shell.

Now glue firmly in the shell and fill with tiny sweets, the sugared caraway seeds and three little sugar eggs on top. The shell may be decorated according to fancy.

Blown eggshells may also be painted to represent faces, a little down or hair over the forehead being effective, and a Normandy cap made of coloured tissue paper with little cape and a bow under the chin completing the delusion. A part circle of stiff white paper pasted flat underneath makes a neat and firm finish.

For hard-boiled eggs, dyed in colours, good decoration may be made by scratching with a sharp-pointed pair of scissors or a small-bladed knife any design desired.

A cross with a vine entwining it, a crown with the word "Easter" or the letters "I.H.S.," singly or as a monogram, may be used. The scratching away of the colour leaves the design in white.

Anyone accustomed to pen-and-ink or pencil work may with a little practice produce artistic effects.

RESULT OF FOOTBALL COMPETITION NO. 28.

THIS week the £100 prize has been won by
Mr. ALF. CLARK,
Post Office,
Twyford,
Berks,

who has sent in a correct forecast.

Football Prizes of
£1,000, £100, £25.

THE Football Clubs named below play on Saturday, April 1st. To the reader who names the correct result of all these matches we will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED POUNDS. In the event of two or more being correct the money will be divided.
If no competitor gives a quite correct solution TWENTY-FIVE POUNDS will be divided amongst those nearest. If between now and the close of the football season any one competitor wins the hundred pounds prize in full three times consecutively we will make him a further present of ONE THOUSAND POUNDS.

Football Coupon No. 31.

Matches to be played on Saturday, April 1st.
Cross out which you consider will be the losing clubs. For a draw don't cross out either.

- | | |
|-----------------------|-------------------------|
| 1 Notts Forest | ✓ 2 Bury. |
| 3 Derby County | ✓ 4 Preston North End. |
| 5 W. Bromwich Albion | ✓ 6 Newcastle United. |
| 7 Sheffield Wednesday | ✓ 8 Burnley. |
| 9 Sunderland | ✓ 10 Aston Villa. |
| 11 Wolverhampton Wan. | ✓ 12 Stoke. |
| 13 Everton | ✓ 14 Notts County. |
| 15 Blackburn Rovers | ✓ 16 Sheffield United. |
| 17 Burnley Port Vale | ✓ 18 Manchester City. |
| 19 Newton Heath | ✓ 20 Woolwich Arsenal. |
| 21 Burton Swifts | ✓ 22 Glossop North End. |
| 23 Bedminster | ✓ 24 Swindon. |
| 25 Brighton United | ✓ 26 Chatham. |
| 27 Kettering | ✓ 28 Bristol City. |
| 29 Southampton | ✓ 30 Corinthians. |
| 31 Newport | ✓ 32 Blackheath. |

Name.....
Address.....

CUT OUT COUPON AND POST TO US UNFOLDED.

1. Coupons may be sent either from P.W. or PASTIMES. In the latter paper will be found valuable hints as to which side is likely to win.
2. Nobody must enter for this competition who will not abide by the Editor's final decision.
3. All coupons must reach us not later than Saturday, April 1st, first post. Any envelope bearing a postmark later than Friday, March 31st, will be disqualified.
4. Competitors should cut out the above coupon, score it as directed, put their name and address in the space provided, and send it to "FOOTBALL NO. 31," Pearson's Buildings, Henrietta Street, W.C.

Have you seen the new football coupon in PASTIMES? It is the simplest thing of the kind. You have one forecast free and you may have as many more as you like at one penny a time with the surprising discount, viz., that you may make nine extra attempts for sixpence and eighteen for one shilling.

Each copy of PASTIMES contains a coupon available for eighteen forecasts. There is no need for you to send a shilling to us for a set of twenty coupons, unless you prefer to do so. It will come cheaper and save the trouble of letter-writing to buy a copy of PASTIMES and then the coupon for just as many attempts as you care to make.

Go North, or South, or East, or West,
You can't improve the Hundred Best.

It's Easy to Dye with DIAMOND DYES.



Reverse Time's Process
and turn
OLD TO NEW.

Try a packet of Diamond Dyes on those old ribbons and see how easy it is to make them look bright and new. Diamond Dyes colour anything any colour, and are made especially for home dyeing.

**MAKE THE OLD GOWN
LOOK LIKE NEW.**

Anyone can colour dresses, jackets, bodices, wraps, feathers, silks, &c., with Diamond Dyes to look like new. Try it yourself.

SOLD EVERYWHERE, 3d. and 6d. PACKETS.

Write for Booklet, "SUCCESSFUL HOME DYEING," together with samples of forty-five cloths dyed with Diamond Dyes, which will be sent gratis by
DIAMOND DYES, 31 & 32 Snow Hill, London, E.C.

£250 AWARDED.

The proprietors of **Mellin's Food** are offering the very substantial prizes enumerated below to the persons obtaining by July 1st, 1899, the greatest number of names and addresses of parents whose children are being fed or have been reared on **Mellin's Food**. The lists must be clearly written out on foolscap paper, on one side only and 12 names to a page, and must be duly signed by the Vicar of your Parish, or other Minister, or a Justice of the Peace.

First Prize	awarded to the sender of the greatest number.	£100.
Second Prize	£50	Fifth Prize £15
Third	25	Sixth „ 10
Fourth	20	Seventh „ 5

and 25 other Prizes of £1 each.

Lists to be sent not later than July 1st, 1899, to

**"AWARD" Dept.,
MELLIN'S FOOD WORKS, PECKHAM, S.E.**

MANDOLINES.

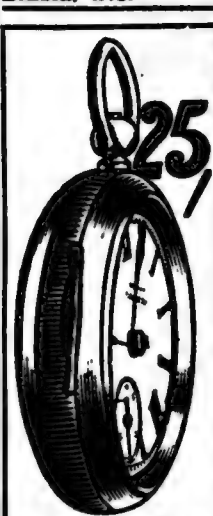
FINE ITALIAN MODELS.
13 Red Maple Ribs, 7s. 6d.; 17 Brown and White Ribs, 10s. 6d.; **GENUINE ITALIAN**, with 15 Maple Ribs, 15s. 6d.; ditto, 17 Rosewood Ribs, 17s. 6d.; 19 Rosewood Ribs, Pearl Inlaid, 24s. 6d.; ditto, superior, Closed Machine, 30s. 6d.; ditto, De Meyello Model, Rosewood, 30s. 6d.; ditto, superior, 33s. 6d.; **Genuine De Meyello**, finest toned instrument made, 45s. 6d. For cases, strings and pick, see list post free. All with machine heads and bent sound boards. Grate and case free.

**JOSEPH RILEY'S,
ON CONSTITUTION HILL,
BIRMINGHAM.**

A BOON FOR BUSY HOUSEWIVES.

No one but the mother knows the daily care and thought to satisfy the sometimes dainty and often capricious appetite of her little ones. The mother must not only look to the gratification of her children's palates: she likes also to satisfy the eye, if she can, with an appetising appearance of the food presented to her little ones. Then there is the question of time and economy involved in the preparation of dainty dishes for sometimes reluctant palates. No food can satisfy the mother's heart, in all these respects, better than Chivers' Jellies. They are flavoured with the rich ripe juices of fresh whole-ome fruit, and prepared in silver-lined pans to insure freedom from all possible contamination, by which method hand labour is reduced to a minimum. The busy housewife has Chivers' Jellies a dainty nourishing food, requiring but little trouble in preparation; always ready to hand, and always good alike. Chivers' Jellies are to be had in the following flavours: Lemon, Orange, Strawberry, Raspberry, Pineapple, &c. They are for sale by all Grocers and Stores in packets, and if you haven't yet tried them please do so at once. Half-pints, 2½d.; Pints, 4d.; Quarts, 8d. Messrs. Chivers and Sons' Fruit Farm Factory, Boston, Cambridge, will send you free sample if you address a postcard to them.

VARICOCELE AND VARICOSE VEINS. Every man suffering from Varicocele and the allied troubles should send for Treatise, describing their Causes, Symptoms, Results, and successful and Painless Treatment without surgical operation, or the use of cumbersome trusses and electrical appliances. Will be sent sealed, post free. **J. MURRAY, 7, Southampton Row, London, W.C.**



H. SAMUEL'S Solid Sterling Silver "ACME" WATCH FOR LADIES and Gentlemen Warranted for FIVE YEARS and complete with BONUS FREE GIFT, sent Post Free.

TWO WONDERFUL WATCHES

(As Illustrated). Pronounced by Hundreds of Thousands of delighted wearers in all parts of the civilised world to be

The most admirable Timekeepers.
The most gratifying of purchases.
The most satisfactory possessions.

H. SAMUEL'S WORLD-FAMED WATCHES
Are Ideas of Elegance and Stability. Every Watch is carefully finished and accurately timed before being despatched, and thus arrive in the purchaser's hands ready for immediate use. They are the outcome of a century's study and research. They are ABSOLUTELY UP TO DATE and contain the LATEST INVENTIONS and MOST RECENT IMPROVEMENTS protect against infringement by
HER MAJESTY'S ROYAL LETTERS PATENT,
and obtainable only in H. SAMUEL'S WATCHES.

**EXTRAORDINARY
BARGAINS.**

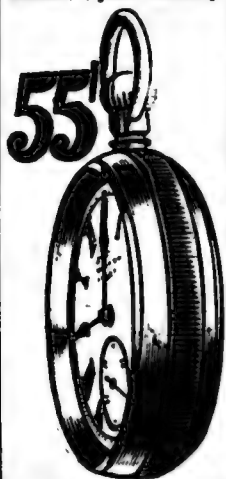
The Trade **THUNDERSTUCK!** Dealers AMAZED at the Extreme Beauty, High Quality and INCREDIBLE VALUE! H. SAMUEL'S CATALOGUE enables Buyers to SAVE POUNDS by placing at their command at their own Firesides the choicest products of the World.

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Money returned in full if dissatisfied.
Write TO-DAY for one of H. SAMUEL'S WONDERFUL ROYAL QUARTO VOLUMES, 2,000 Illustrations and 29 pages. Full List and Particulars are enclosed of the

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FRILLED BUTTER MUSLIN.

White, Cream, Ecru, and 12 Art Shades. Curtains, frilled two sides and bottom, 3yd long, 54in wide, 6s per pair. May also be had by the yard, 36in wide, frilled both sides, 11½d per yard. Sample Book of Plain and Figured Muslins sent on approval. **ROLLER BLINDS**, edged with Lace or Fringe, from 4s. Sample Book of Materials on approval. Roman Carpets, Cretonne, Tapestries, Art Linens, Art Silks, Pinchettes, Art Serres, &c. Patterns sent on approval. Picture Book of Lace Curtains, Roller Blinds, Heavy Carpets, Carpets, Rugs, Blankets, Quilts, Post Free.

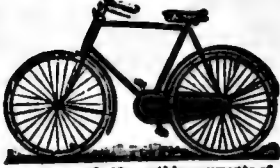
LACE CURTAINS.

Direct from the War-houses.
THE READY MADE PARCEL. 1 pair elegant Draw-room Curtains, 4yd long, 3yd wide; 1 pair splendid Dining-room Curtains, 3yd long, 42in wide; 1 pair Breakfast room Curtains, Floral style, 3yd long, 42in wide; 1 pair pretty Bedroom Curtains, 3yd long, 40in wide. ALL TAPED EDGES. 1 Lace blind Cover, 2 real Lace Toilet Mats. The 1st carriage paid, 17s 6d. White or ecru. Such handsome value has never before been offered. Money returned if not approved. Picture Book of Lace Curtains, Roller Blinds, Frilled Curtains, &c., post free.

REVERSIBLE CARPETS.

DIRECT FROM THE WAREHOUSE, MARVELLOUS VALUE. The Homelands Reversible Carpets, with handsome border all round, are woven in one piece, in artistic designs and colours, and have the appearance of Tapestry or Brussels Carpets costing five or six times the price. 6ft. by 9ft. 4s. 7½d. by 9ft. 6s. 6d. by 9ft. 7s. 6d. by 9ft. 8s. 6d. by 9ft. 9s. 6d. by 9ft. 10s. 6d. by 9ft. 11s. 6d. by 9ft. 12s. 6d. by 9ft. 13s. 6d. by 9ft. 14s. 6d. by 9ft. 15s. 6d. by 9ft. 16s. 6d. by 9ft. 17s. 6d. by 9ft. 18s. 6d. by 9ft. 19s. 6d. by 9ft. 20s. 6d. by 9ft. 21s. 6d. by 9ft. 22s. 6d. by 9ft. 23s. 6d. by 9ft. 24s. 6d. by 9ft. 25s. 6d. by 9ft. 26s. 6d. by 9ft. 27s. 6d. by 9ft. 28s. 6d. by 9ft. 29s. 6d. by 9ft. 30s. 6d. by 9ft. 31s. 6d. by 9ft. 32s. 6d. by 9ft. 33s. 6d. by 9ft. 34s. 6d. by 9ft. 35s. 6d. by 9ft. 36s. 6d. by 9ft. 37s. 6d. by 9ft. 38s. 6d. by 9ft. 39s. 6d. by 9ft. 40s. 6d. by 9ft. 41s. 6d. by 9ft. 42s. 6d. by 9ft. 43s. 6d. by 9ft. 44s. 6d. by 9ft. 45s. 6d. by 9ft. 46s. 6d. by 9ft. 47s. 6d. by 9ft. 48s. 6d. by 9ft. 49s. 6d. by 9ft. 50s. 6d. 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BORROWING BRITISH BATTLESHIPS.

IDEAS WE HAVE CRIBBED FROM THE FOREIGNER.

"ASTOUNDING though it may sound to British ears, it is nevertheless a fact that a very large proportion of the construction, weapons and machinery of modern British battleships is simply a series of barefaced cribbings from our Continental neighbours and our cousins across the Atlantic," recently said a prominent naval officer to P.W.

"No doubt the confession is a bit humiliating to us Britishers, who admittedly possess by far the finest navy the world has ever seen. But, after all, it is no new thing, as any reference to our naval annals will show. Even so far back as Nelson's day, we were not above availing ourselves of the foreigner's brains and handiwork."

"It is true that in those never-to-be-forgotten times we usually borrowed whole ships—aye, even fleets upon occasion—rather than the mere ideas with which we are perforce content to-day. Nevertheless, even the patriotic Nelson was the first to admit the superior workmanship of the foreigner, as witness the following incident:

"Upon one occasion he had long been employed with some dozen vessels of the line, in blockading a strong French force in the Mediterranean. At length he wrote an urgent letter to the Admiralty, in which he laid great stress upon the necessity of extensive repairs to his ships, many of which were ill-found and exceedingly difficult to manoeuvre. 'Out of my entire squadron,' wrote he plaintively, 'there are only three vessels upon which I can place any dependence—I refer to the three we have taken from the enemy!' And, indeed, it was a matter of common knowledge that the French-built vessels of that time were infinitely superior to our own."

"Since then, however, we have happily changed all that, and to-day there are no better built vessels afloat than those in which our jolly Jacks carry the honour of the old flag to the uttermost ends of the earth. Nevertheless, these self-same vessels are, after all, only gigantic cribbings, as the following details will serve to show."

"In the first place, the fundamental idea of the 'iron-clad' ship was borrowed from France. It was the fertile brain of the great French naval architect, Dupuy de Lome, that designed the pioneer ironclad battleship *Gloire*, which was launched at Toulon in the spring of 1860. This vessel, which was actually constructed of wood and only plated with iron, was speedily followed (in January, 1861) by our own *Warrior*, which was launched from the same Thames-side yard that recently saw the fearful disaster at the *Albion* launch. But the credit of being first in the field with a sea-going, iron-clad battleship belongs undoubtedly to our neighbours across the Channel."

"The quick-firing gun is absolutely the most effective of all modern naval inventions. Mainly through its use Admiral Dewey paralysed the Spanish gunners at Manila; and Admiral Schley annihilated Cervera's unfortunate ships at Santiago. Indeed, there is no doubt that the issue of the naval battles of the future will, other things being equal, largely depend upon a good acquaintanceship with the uses of this weapon."

"The original 'quick-firer' was the 'mitrailleuse,' first introduced into European warfare by the French armies of 1870. It is true that its adoption was insufficient to stay the progress of the conquering German forces; but the marked execution done by it in the field was sufficient to turn the attention of all civilised nations towards its possible improvement."

"The first gun of this class to be adopted in our own Navy was an American weapon, the invention of Dr. Gatling; and this has been in turn followed by the Gardner, Nordenfolt, and the present-day Maxim guns. The last of these guns is also an American invention, and fires no fewer than 700 magazine bullets in a minute."

"Unfortunately for the inventor, this extreme rapidity of fire was practically valueless, until a substitute could be found for the old-fashioned black powder, the thick smoke from which effectually masked the target from the gun crew. In this dilemma, the French were again to the fore, and for a long time managed to safeguard the secret of their smokeless powder, which is now, however pretty generally known to be a mixture of nitro-cellulose, tannin, potassium, and nitrate of barium."

"After long and painstaking experiments, we, too, managed to produce a smokeless powder, the present service 'cordite,' which is a mixture of gun-cotton, nitro-glycerine, and vaseline. But the credit of the original invention is entirely due to the builders of the *Gloire*. So, too, is the development of the armoured 'fighting top,' from which an enemy's decks can be swept by a quick-firer when at close quarters. The French have never forgotten that it was by this species of warfare that our own Nelson was shot down from the tops of the *Redoubtable*, and one of the most prominent features of all French battleships are their massive fighting tops."

"In addition to this, the 'barbette' system of mounting our heavy guns in what are practically disappearing turrets; the ingenious 'interrupted screw' mechanism, by which our gun breeches are so simply, yet securely closed for firing purposes; the development of our fleet of 'destroyers,' as a set-off to the huge fleet of French torpedo boats; these, and many other details of our naval force, have all been borrowed from or directly stimulated by Johnny Crapeau."

"A similar vote of thanks must also be accorded to Uncle Sam, for the very extensive debt of gratitude which we owe him. Two of his inventions, the Gatling and the Maxim gun, have already been alluded to; but they by no means complete the list of our obligations."

"The most radical change ever made in the design of our fighting ships, the substitution of the turret system of 'end on' fire for the 'broadside' fire of Nelson's days, is due entirely to the genius of the American Ericsson. It is now a matter of history how the insignificant little *Monitor* (facetiously likened by contemporary sailors to 'a cheese-box sitting on a raft') met and defeated the hitherto invulnerable Confederate ironclad *Merrimac*."

"As soon as the news reached England, it was at once seen that our fleet of splendid broadside vessels had practically become obsolete in a brief twenty-four hours, and there was an immediate outcry for turret ships à la Ericsson. At the present time, practically every warship we have is constructed upon the same 'end on' principle of fire, which we first cribbed from Uncle Sam after that fateful action in Hampton Roads on the morning of the 9th of March, 1862."

"In addition to his ordnance and turret inventions, Uncle Sam has also furnished us with the process by which the armour-plates upon our Channel Squadron *Majesties* were manufactured. So late as 1880 we were employing ordinary wrought iron for our armour plates, a system which reached a climax in the *Inflexible*, completed in that year. This vessel, with her enormous weight of twenty-four-inch armour, fairly knocked spots off her predecessors. But the improvements in guns went on so rapidly that soon even the thickest part of her cumbersome armour belt could be pierced by their projectiles."

"This state of things placed our naval constructors in a particularly awkward corner. It was impossible to further increase the thickness of armour, for such a course meant endangering the buoyancy of the ship. At the same time, if the cumbersome armour was to be so easily pierced, why carry it at all? For a long time we muddled along, trying various ways of getting out of the difficulty, until once more Uncle Sam came to the rescue with his celebrated Harveyising process of armour plate manufacture. Briefly, this process consisted of applying carbon to the plates for a long period at a very high temperature, and subsequently hardening the carbonised plate by immersion in cold water."

"The merits of this system will best be appreciated, perhaps, when it is stated that the 6-inch armour of to-day has a resisting power just equal to that of the 10½-inch armour of ten years ago. But even now the Yankee armour is being supplanted upon our latest battleships of the *Canopus* type by the nickel-steel Krupp armour—a German importation this time—a 6-in. plate of which is practically as impenetrable as a 12-in. plate of wrought iron."

"So far, we have learnt but little from the German Navy. Its chief novelty is probably its absolutely fire-proof system of replacing wooden decks by steel plates, which can be covered with warm cork linoleum in times of peace and speedily made bare (and fireproof) when going into action. It is a curious property of wooden decks that, although drenched with water, they can, nevertheless, be easily ignited by modern high explosive shells. This was fully demonstrated in the Spanish-American war, and the cause was generally attributed to the fact that the force of the explosion actually honeycombed the solid planks with tightly-packed burning powder, which the fire-hose was powerless to effectually cope with."

"Finally, we must not overlook the fact that, although they are actually manufactured in England, neither of those terrible weapons, the Whitehead and Brennan torpedoes, can fairly be claimed as 'home-grown' articles. No doubt there is a large difference between the clumsy original torpedo of the Austrian Captain Lupis and the finished 'twenty-four inch Whitehead' of to-day. But, without in the least degree attempting to disparage the wonderful ingenuity of Mr. Whitehead and his fellow-workers, there can be no doubt that the original idea, rough though it was in all conscience, was 'made in Austria.'"

"The case of the Brennan torpedo is, perhaps, scarcely on all fours with the Whitehead, as its actual inventor, although residing at the Antipodes, was a British subject. Nevertheless, the obscure Melbourne watchmaker (who received the very comfortable little recompense of £110,000 down, and a salary of £1,500 for five years, as the selling price of his invention) may fairly claim to have taken as important a share in the perfecting of his country's means of defence as has fallen to the lot of any foreign gentlemen during the last fifty years."

"In conclusion, it is with no small thrill of satisfaction that, on turning to 'the man behind the gun,' one can still distinguish the clear cut features, sturdy limbs, and bright steady eye that speak the home-made tar. Yes, despite railway monopolies, falling trade, open doors, and spheres of influence, we have still 100,000 British seamen who can be aggravatingly cool at the business end of a gun. Far be it from the sons of the sea-kings to stoop to mere vain glorious boasting. Nevertheless, there is not a ship's company beneath the white ensign to-day which would not cheerfully undertake to borrow yet another battleship for the Queen's Navy."

An Amateur Shoeblack.

THE independence displayed by servants in America invariably forces itself on the attention of visitors from Europe.

A well-known official of the English Post Office tells a very good story on this point. Some years ago he visited America on business, and while staying at New York he was the guest of a prominent officer of the Western Union Telegraph Company—a gentleman whose name is familiar to most Americans.

When the Englishman retired at night, he placed his boots outside the bedroom door, where they were duly observed next morning by his host, who asked his wife to get one of the servants to clean them.

"Oh," replied the lady, "he must get them cleaned at the corner of the street, just as you do."

"No, my dear," remarked her husband, "I can't ask Mr. — to do that. Just offer one of the servants half-a-dollar to clean them."

"I have done so," said the lady, "and they declare they won't."

"Well, if they won't, I must," and forthwith the American seized his guest's boots, and polished them in a highly creditable style.

On the morning of the Englishman's departure his friend accompanied him to the steamer, and, just as the whistle was blown to indicate that all but passengers must go on shore, whispered in his ear:

"I'll tell you something that will amuse you. I have cleaned your boots all the while you have been in New York."

Where Will You -
- Spend Easter?

WE have again entered into arrangements with Messrs. Thomas Cook and Son for offering special facilities to the readers of *Pearson's Weekly* who wish to spend the Easter Holidays in either Paris or Brussels. The programme is as appended:

Passengers to leave London Bridge Station or Victoria (L.B. and S.C.) 8.50 p.m. on Thursday evening, March 30th, arriving at PARIS next morning; hotel accommodation, commencing with breakfast on arrival, and ending with dinner on the following Monday; return from Paris Monday evening, arriving in London Tuesday morning. Third-class travel and comfortable second-class accommodation, £2 12s. 6d.; second-class travel and similar hotels, £3 2s. 6d.; second-class travel and first-class hotels, £3 7s. 6d.; first-class throughout, £4 2s. 6d.

For the BRUSSELS EXCURSION: Leave London at 9 p.m. on Thursday night, travelling via Dover and Ostend, arriving at Brussels the following morning, leaving Brussels by night service on Monday, arriving in London Tuesday morning; the accommodation to commence with breakfast at Brussels on the Friday, and to end with dinner on the following Monday. Third-class rail and second steamer, and comfortable accommodation, £2; third-class rail and good second-class hotel, £2 5s.; third-class rail, second-class steamer, first-class hotel, £2 15s.

Any further inquiries should be addressed to this office, and the envelope marked "Easter."

PARIS EXHIBITION of 1900.

How to get there by Paying One Shilling a Week.

FOR three years past we have had a plan whereby our readers were enabled to visit Paris for a few days at a very small cost, and the success of these excursions has led us to complete arrangements with Messrs. Thomas Cook & Son, under which purchasers of P.W. will be taken and have accommodation in that city during the summer of 1900.

EXCURSION No. 1.

For 50 Weekly payments of 1/- or for 10 Monthly payments of 5/-

We provide travel ticket London to Paris and back (third class), accommodation in Paris, from the morning of arrival until the evening of third day, with meat breakfast and dinner each day; excursion to the famous Palace and magnificent grounds of Versailles; two admittances to the Exhibition; customary fees to hotel servants, porters, etc.; conveyance of passengers and luggage on arrival and departure in Paris between station and hotel; Copy of Cook's "Guide Book to Paris"; services of interpreters and conductor whilst travelling between London and Paris.

If anyone requires second class travel and accommodation, it will be covered by

65 Weekly payments of 1/- or 13 Monthly payments of 5/-

Passengers will leave London on the evenings to be announced later, arriving in Paris the next morning. Thus those who leave by the Monday night service will have breakfast in Paris on Tuesday, and accommodation will be provided until they leave on Thursday evening.

EXCURSION No. 2.

For five days in Paris, with carriage drive in the city and excursion to Versailles, the cost will be

70 Weekly payments of 1/- or 14 Monthly payments of 5/-

For the same period with second class travel and accommodation and an additional carriage excursion it will be necessary to make

85 Weekly payments of 1/- or 19 Monthly payments of 5/-

All applications must be made to this office accompanied by the first instalment, stating full name and address, and which excursion and class is desired.

In view of the fact that the Exhibition is expected to be open during the month of April, those readers who wish to go early in the year and whose instalments have not been completed, may do so by forwarding a sufficient remittance to cover the amount due.

These excursions are subject to the "Regulations and Conditions," printed in Messrs. Cook's prospectus, and which may be had on application.

Go North, or South, or East, or West,
You can't improve the Hundred Best.

HOME NOTES PAGE.

A PAGE MORE PARTICULARLY FOR LADIES.

ISOBEL will be glad to answer, in this page, questions of general interest upon household matters, so far as space permits. Envelopes should be marked HOME NOTES.

Before Attempting to Chop Parsley, scald it by pouring boiling water over, and squeeze it very dry in a clean cloth.

To Give Starched Goods a Good Gloss, polish with the heel of a polishing iron. Use firm and even pressure, and work up and down the grain. (Reply to MRS. S. M.)

Milk Bread makes excellent bread and butter, and may be eaten equally well fresh or when a day old. Take two pounds of self-raising flour, work into it six ounces of butter and a pinch of salt. Make into a light dough with warm milk, form into a long loaf three inches thick, and bake at once.

Seidlitz Powders. Mix together two drachms of Rochelle salts, and two scruples of bicarbonate of soda; put these into a blue paper, and put thirty-five grains of tartaric acid into a white paper. To use, put each into different glasses; a quarter filled with cold water, add a little loaf sugar to the acid, then pour both together and drink at once. (Reply to PERTH.)

On Stewing. Always fry the meat to be stewed till brown on both sides, then place in a sauce-pan and add only as much stock or water to prevent burning and too fast cooking. Always remember that the juices of both meat and vegetables add to the gravy. Always keep the pot tightly covered to retain the steam and the flavours which are dissipated by it. During the process of cooking, shake the pan constantly to prevent anything burning to the bottom. Slow cooking is the only way to procure a good stew.

Wash Dishcloths. Now that all sorts of diseases are known to be caused by germs, one cannot be too careful of the dishcloth, for if not properly cleansed regularly, it may hold the germs which cause grave illness. Whatever else, in the way of luxury, has to be neglected, keep your dishcloths clean. I have often noticed in an otherwise well-appointed house, any dirty pieces of rag used as a dishcloth. This should never be permitted. For this use buy some soft loosely-made cloths, and constantly have them boiled in this way: Pour some boiling water on a bag of bran and then strain, add to the water a teaspoonful each of powdered alum and chalk. Boil the dirty dishcloth in this for half-an-hour, rinse thoroughly in hot water, and bleach on the grass. Never have the same dishcloth used for sauce-pans and crockery.

A Paper Pattern

OF EITHER OF THESE DESIGNS CAN BE HAD FREE.

SEE THIS WEEK'S

HOME NOTES.

This neat little Coat and Tunic, suitable for a boy of from two to four years, can be made up in an inexpensive art serge, and if the simple instructions given in HOME NOTES Fashion Supplement are carefully followed a very dainty

suit will be the result.

A Paper Pattern of this charming design for a silk shirt—a garment which no lady can afford to be without—can also be had free.

HOME NOTES

Fashion Supplement

- MAKES HOME DRESSMAKING EASY.

To Test Nutmegs, prick each with a pin, and if it is good, the oil will instantly spread round the puncture.

Clean Tapestry Chairs and Sofas during the house-cleaning period with warm bran rubbing it on with a piece of new flannel.

To Soak Bread for adding to boiled suet and other puddings, always break it small, and pour cold water over. When all has soaked soft, squeeze very dry with the hands.

To Set the Colours in your Blouses, though they are made of muslin, is quite easy. Make a strong brine of salt and water, and in this soak the goods for about an hour before washing. (Reply to TADCASTER.)

To Make Beef Essence at home the following recipe will be found very good. Take half a pound of lean beef, freed from skin and gristle, and mince it finely on a board. Set the meat in a jar, tie over closely with greased paper, stand the jar in a sauce-pan of boiling water, and simmer for four or five hours. Strain off the essence, and free it from any fat with white paper. (Reply to PERPLEXED.)

To Utilise Scraps of Cheese the following recipe is good, especially so when one has scraps of pastry at hand: Cut some nice puff paste in rounds with a tumbler, on one half lay some finely grated cheese seasoned with a little made mustard, cayenne, and salt. Put some little bits of butter on it, and do not let the cheese be within half an inch of the edges. Turn the other half of pastry over, turnover style, having previously damped the edges, press together, brush over with milk, and bake in a quick oven. Serve hot as a savoury.

A Paste Similar to Stickfast may be made as follows: Dissolve a teaspoonful of alum in a quart of water. When cold, stir in as much flour as will bring the paste to the consistency of thick cream. Carefully press out all lumps. Stir in half a teaspoonful of powdered resin and pour on to the paste a cupful of boiling water, while stirring it well. When the paste becomes very thick, pour it into a jar, add a few drops of oil of cloves, and keep in a cool place. When required for use, take a little and soften it with warm water. (Reply to WILLCOX.)

Dried Haddock Mince is always a popular dish for high tea, and can be made from remains of fish left over from breakfast. Take the fish from the bone and chop it finely, adding to each half-pound one ounce and a half of butter, a gill of cream or milk, some chopped parsley, and pepper to taste. Dredge the whole of the mixture well with flour, and place in a clean sauce-pan, stir it over a steady fire till the fish is hot through. Have ready a hard-boiled egg and a well-dried round of buttered toast. Place the toast on a hot dish, pile the mince on it, and arrange the slices of hard-boiled egg in a circle on it. Serve very hot.

Cheap Chicken Broth. In towns it is easy to procure for a few pence fowls' necks, gizzards, and feet, which, if carefully prepared from this recipe, will produce very excellent broth, at a good deal less cost than of using a fowl for this purpose. Wash the necks and gizzards, etc., and place in a clean sauce-pan with a quart of water, and set the pan on the fire that the contents may boil up, skim till clear, add two ounces of sage, a sprig of thyme, parsley, and a blade of mace, a small onion, and pepper and salt to taste. Simmer the broth very slowly for six hours, adding a little more water if necessary. If you have a bacon or ham bone, add it to the above quantities as a flavouring. This soup is really delicate, and will be appreciated by your invalid, if strained and served with the sage. A little milk should be added to each cupful of broth just before serving. (Reply to CARTER, Tyne.)

As You Require an Orange Cake Recipe I am very pleased to give you mine, which is ever popular. First dry four ounces of flour at a steady heat, and pass it through a sieve. When quite cold add a small teaspoonful of baking powder and the grated rind of two oranges. Beat four ounces of caster sugar with three eggs together for a quarter of an hour, then add the juice of an orange; gradually sift into this the flour, etc. Beat all together till very light, and pour into a greased tin lined with paper. Bake in a moderately quick oven for thirty minutes, and till a skewer run down the centre of the cake, comes out perfectly clean. For the icing squeeze the juice of the remaining oranges into a soup plate, taking care to remove all pips. Then with a knife beat in enough icing sugar to make all a smooth paste. Dredge the cake with flour thickly, then spread the icing over the cake and let it dry. (Reply to TROPICAL.)

When Preparing Hashed Mutton, the addition of a little finely chopped parsley will be found a great improvement.

Do Not Clear Soup till the Day it is Wanted. The soup may be made previously, but if not freshly clarified it will be cloudy.

Sprinkle Salt Immediately over any spot where something has boiled over on the stove, and the place may be more easily cleaned. This also counteracts the bad odour.

To Clean Silver, as you object to the usual powders, try this: Mix a few drops of ammonia with a tablespoonful of finely powdered whiting; add enough water to make all the consistency of cream. If placed in a bottle and tightly corked, this will keep as long as required, and will clean your plate without hard rubbing. (Reply to KHAR-TOUM.)

Mutton Olives and Spinach make a very good supper dish, when something very tasty and hot is required. First take four ounces each of fat bacon and calf's liver, pepper both, and fry together till cooked. Mince the meat, pound it, and pass through a sieve, then press into a basin, and stand aside. (When possible, this part of the recipe should be carried out the day before the dish is required.) Next cut some slices from an under-done leg of mutton, and form into strips two inches wide and about three inches long. Rub each piece with a cut lemon, season it with finely-chopped onion on one side, and spread with the liver paste. Roll each piece up, brush over with beaten egg, dip into breadcrumbs, and fry in boiling-fat till a good golden colour. If liked, each roll may be secured in shape with a little wooden skewer. Have ready a mound of dressed spinach, set the olives in it, and pour a good thick gravy round.

To Preserve Oranges Whole, I think you will find the following recipe, from my grandmother's cook-book, is excellent. Take of the best Seville oranges with smooth rinds, and cut them to resemble a pineapple. Put these into salt and water for ten days, changing the water each day. After that time, put them on the fire in a preserving-pan filled with cold water. Let these remain boiling very gently till they are sufficiently soft to admit a quill easily in at the snuff. Change the water once to reduce the salt. Now take the weight of the oranges in loaf-sugar to make the syrup, adding some lemon-peel and sufficient water just to reduce the sugar. Simmer the oranges in this repeatedly until they are perfectly clear, taking care to keep them under the syrup to prevent their changing colour. Take out the fruit carefully and put into pots, and boil up the syrup with more sugar, to make it keep well and prevent candying. Cover each jar with brandied paper, and then with bladder. (Reply to C. READER.)

Pure Water for Drinking. The problem of providing good, pure drinking water in our towns is a very difficult one. Supposing it to be well filtered when it leaves the waterworks, it passes through so many miles of pipes that it does not always reach us in a healthy form. Filters are good if they are kept perfectly clean and free from any signs of animal life; if neglected, I consider that filters are far worse than useless. The best and safest way of preparing drinking water is to let it boil fast for a quarter of an hour at least. Put this into an earthenware-lined pan to cool; if wished very cold, pack ice round it, but do not allow it to touch the drinking water. Public drinking-fountains should be avoided, for who can tell what diseased lips have used the cup before you? It is necessary for everybody to drink a certain quantity of water daily, to help to digest solid food, and that other matters not needed may be taken out of the system. When away from home the question is more complicated, still, if you wish to be safe there, see that the water is properly boiled. Long boiling is the only way to kill impurities.

Isobel

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"Severe Attack of Bronchitis."

"Nothing did her any good until I gave her Scott's Emulsion."



MAY WILSON.

We have received a very gracefully written letter from Mrs. Ellen Wilson, of Birmingham, telling of the difficulty she had with her little child, suffering with severe hoarseness after an attack of bronchitis. We think you will be interested in Mrs. Wilson's letter, and consequently have obtained her kind permission to publish it. The letter is as follows:

"6 Oxford Terrace, Park Road,
Hockley, Birmingham.

"October 13th, 1898.

"Dear Sirs,—I am very pleased to tell you of the great benefit my little girl derived from Scott's Emulsion. When my child was born I had a severe attack of bronchitis, and, of course, she had it too, and it left a severe hoarseness, for which I tried many things, but nothing did her any good until I gave her Scott's Emulsion. After taking only a few doses of the preparation she was relieved wonderfully; consequently we continued the treatment, and in a short time she was completely cured and her voice was quite clear. She is very fond of Scott's Emulsion, and its pleasant taste makes it easy to administer to children, for every mother knows how much a child dislikes taking medicine. I am quite sure that Scott's Emulsion is a certain cure for all coughs and colds, and if the cough be chronic, Scott's Emulsion will relieve it better and quicker than anything else. I shall

take every opportunity of recommending Scott's Emulsion to those in need of such a remedy. I have already advised several of my friends to try the preparation for their children suffering from colds, and they have been pleased with its effect, as it has always cured them.

"I am, yours very truly,
"(Signed) Mrs. ELLEN WILSON."

There is a point in Mrs. Wilson's letter which will strike every mother, and this is in reference to the dislike of children to taking medicine. Very often the most difficult part of taking care of children during illness is to get them to take their medicine, and it is a great point in favour of Scott's Emulsion, that this preparation is looked upon by children as a sweetmeat.

Of course it is difficult for many to believe that cod-liver oil in any form can be made positively agreeable to the taste. Such, however, has been done in Scott's Emulsion, as you will see for yourself by trying it. This preparation is easy on the digestive organs, and gives strength, flesh, and energy when other remedies are of no avail.

You can obtain a sample of Scott's Emulsion by sending threepence to cover postage to Scott and Bowne Limited, Manufacturing Chemists, 95 Great Saffron Hill, London, E.C., and mentioning this paper. All chemists sell Scott's Emulsion.

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"HARLENE" PRESERVES, STRENGTHENS, AND INVIGORATES CHILDREN'S HAIR.
KEEPS THE SCALP CLEAN, AND ALLAYS ALL IRRITATION.

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INVALIDS &

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[Lancet.]

Messrs. J. R. NEAVE & CO.

Dear Sirs, I feel obliged to send you a word about your wonderful Food for Infants. I have a son four months old who has been fed on nothing but NEAVE'S FOOD, and I must say he is a perfect picture of health. Three weeks ago I took him to the doctor for vaccination, and he said, how he does to him? I told him NEAVE'S FOOD, and then said I should not change it, he is as hard as a nut. Wishing you every success, I remain, yours truly,
H. E. SCHIFFIELD

HAS FOR SOMETIME BEEN USED IN THE RUSSIAN IMPERIAL FAMILY.
A Most Nutritious Food for Nursing Mothers.

TO BE TAKEN WEEKLY.

NEXT week will be the Easter Number of P.W., and you will be able to obtain it from your newsagent or book-stall clerk on Thursday, March 30th. It will be a particularly bright number. A new series of stories begins under the title "The Chronicles of Humphrey Judd," and a magnificent new serial story entitled "Caged: The Romance of a Lunatic Asylum." It is by Mr. Headon Hill, whose work is already well-known among readers of P.W. There will also be a particularly rousing article on the condition of the stage at the present time, and I would recommend its perusal by all those aspirants for histrionic honours who have not yet taken the fatal step of entering the profession.

CURIOUS asks: "How long would it take to roast a sheep whole?"—You have me there. I don't know. It takes about three minutes and a half to roast the sort of sheep who comes into this office to recite poetry and to find out why he has not been awarded a prize for failing to win a competition. But the ordinary sheep do not come meandering into the editorial sanctum with lyrics under their arms and a torrent of abuse on their lips, and an old hat. They are, moreover, respectable. I have never roasted one, and rather suspect I never shall.

THE prize of £2 2s. offered by the Lifeboat Saturday Fund for the best photographs of the sea has been won by Mr. W. G. Skinner, 1 Leopold Road, Clarendon Park, Leicester.

It seems that after all the broken stem of a clay pipe can be temporarily mended by the use of blood. Several correspondents have written in to say that they themselves have performed this operation with marked success.

As the result of the offer made on this page a short time ago for the most curiously-written order received by any of my readers, I have been unable to find any degree of merit between those published below, and consequently, although only a single pencil-case was offered, I have forwarded one to each of the senders of the following:

R. HART, of 12 Sefton Square, High Park Street, Liverpool, is acquainted with a sailor who had an order for a watch tattooed on his arm for a chum in China, which he faithfully carried out in Liverpool and took back to his friend in China.

C. J. WITHERS, of Stanhope Road Board School, South Shields, was mate of a steamer lying at Singapore discharging cargo, when he received the following order from the captain who had gone into the country for a day, and having neither pencil or paper handy, wrote it with a stick dipped in betelnut juice on a large plantain leaf and gave it to the native to bring to the ship: "Receive from bearer twelve chickens and pay him two dollars.—C. Thomas, Master."

MRS. BEARDMORE, of 58 Queen Street, Cheadle, Stoke-on-Trent, writes:

A lady visitor, who wanted to see me very particularly, called the other day while I was out shopping. She therefore left me a message written on some cold mutton fat, which had congealed on one of the dinner plates left on the table.

R. C. WALSH, of 42 Finlay Drive, Glasgow, writes:

In connection with the receipt of orders written on queer things, I once received an order for a roll of tobacco made up of macaroni letters, which were all mixed up, and had to be arranged before the order could be understood.

W. T. BARNARD, of 76 Grand Parade, Haringay, writes:

The queerest order I have ever received was at the Aquarium, Yarmouth, about ten years ago, when my friend, a well-known music-hall artist, obtained an order for two stalls. The order was written by the manager across his dress shirt front, my friend not having a card with him.

CHARLES HOWELL, of 9 Arnold Street, Brighton, writes:

Our ganger on the Palace Pier, Brighton, has received orders on the piles twenty-five feet long, weighing over twenty-two hundred-weights. He also had an order written on a piece of kerbing thirty feet long, weighing about ten or twelve hundred-weights.

H. N. ROSS, Denbigh Cottage, Norbury Moor, near Stockport, forwards me the following:

A friend of mine in Peru, lived at some distance from the town, and used to send in a poor native servant with his weekly order for groceries. At first he wrote his orders on paper, but José, the poor, usually managed to lose it, so my friend was compelled to adopt another method, rendered possible by the fact that José's clothing consisted of a pair of trousers only. He utilised José's back as a slate, and wrote his orders upon it with a violet ink pencil. José could not lose his back, so the order was duly delivered, and the "order-book" became quite a byword in Piura.

A. W. BAKER, of 23, Bedonwell Hill, Belvedere, Kent, sends the following:

During the time I was employed by the Cincinnati Southern Railway I have received strange orders, the strangest of which was the following: I was in charge of a baggage and express car on the local train, and although it was the rule to deliver parcels to the depot agent, we sometimes obliged outlying settlers where-over we side-tracked, thus saving them a long trip to the nearest depot. I have done this on more than one occasion at the same place, requiring only a signature on my way bill. The incident to which I refer was as follows: A woolly-headed negro presented himself at the car door and landed in a large water-melon, on which was written in chalk: "Giv Joe mi parole please. I am busy.—P. ORD." As I know Joe, I gave him the parcel, obtained his mark, and ate the order.

F. B., who has been reading "A Life's Work" series, wishes to know which trade is most difficult to learn.

Literature, far and away, and a considerable distance after it—journalism. For all that, if one were to judge by the hundredweights of unsolicited and unwanted manuscripts that are dumped day by day in this long-suffering office by relays of perspiring postmen, one would think it the very easiest of all—until you opened and tried to read some of them. I have no desire to be rude, but there is a moral hidden in the above few lines, the digging out of which would save a great many people much postage and disappointment, and myself a great deal of trouble.

CHURCHWARDEN asks my opinion on the merits of a new system of church collection which has come under his notice, the idea being that the offertory shall be taken up by a number of the prettiest girls in the congregation instead of by the usual sidesmen. It seems to my correspondent that this would be productive of a larger generosity on the part of the susceptible male portion of the flock.

This certainly sounds plausible enough, but there are drawbacks which do not appear at first sight. I believe the plan was recently tried for a short time in America. For a few Sundays it worked like a charm; then there was a sudden and alarming decrease, not only in the collection, but in the congregation itself. The young men found, it appears, that, in order to preserve their self-respect under the soulful gaze of the new sideswomen, they were making larger offerings than their funds admitted; so, as the easiest way out of the difficulty, they stopped going to church, or, if they went at all, went where the old order of things obtained.

FLY-BY-NIGHT has read somewhere that in the Philippine Islands they have butterflies as large as bats.

I believe this is so, and it is also a fact that here in England you may chance upon bats no bigger than butterflies.

POINTER's suggestion is an excellent one, though not entirely new. He thinks there should be another punctuation mark—a "note of irony," to place at the end of sentences of a sarcastic nature.

The idea has been carried further than this, and it has been suggested that each emotion or mood should have its distinctive mark, thus a tear for pathos, a heart for emotional passages, etc. A few purely arbitrary signs might be added, one for instance to show that the passage in question is pure fiction, and not to be taken seriously, or that it is deadly serious, and not to be looked at from its comical side. While this method might be very useful to the busy man who likes to glance over the matter he is about to read, and find out whether it is worthy of his perusal, there is much to be said for the other side of the case. For instance, to plainly mark a passage "sarcastic" would be to remove the sarcasm, since the gentle art of sarcasm itself consists in saying a bitter thing in such a manner as to give it the semblance of flattery.

ROGER asks: "Could the Queen abdicate at any moment she chose?"—So far as I can ascertain, she could not do so without the consent of Parliament. This point was made quite clear at the Revolution of 1688. The famous resolution then passed by the Convention Parliament declared that James II. had "broken the original contract between king and people." As a matter of fact, no such contract had ever been expressed in words; but it is certain that the English Parliament, when it restored the monarchy in the person of Charles II., did so on the implied understanding that the king should hold his crown subject to conditions. The nation gave him a throne, and he in return was to govern according to law. This was in essence a contract, and no contract can be broken without the consent of the two contracting parties. The same conclusion is reached in another way. In the same resolution, the Convention Parliament declared that the throne was vacant. If the flight of James II. had vacated the throne, such a declaration would have been superfluous, and William and Mary could have been at once elected. That such a declaration was made implies that abdication did not vacate the throne. Of course, in practice the monarch's retirement from the throne would leave it vacant, for he could not be forced to perform the royal functions against his will.

D. M. R. asks me to let her know any means which would cure her of round shoulders, and make her upright. An editor who could accomplish two such feats of moral and physical training in a paragraph might look forward in his lifetime to seeing the banner of Utopia floating from the towers of Westminster, and for my own part I must confess it is too much. So far as round shoulders are concerned, a little resolution is all a young person requires, and five minutes devoted to simple calisthenic exercises every morning will be found of the most valuable assistance to anyone who has fallen into the unfortunate habit of stooping. Just at first it will be found tiring to hold the shoulders back, but after a time it will be more irksome not to do so, and this is especially so with sitting up straight in a chair. The great secret is to keep the bottom of the spine pressed against the back of any seat.

CROSSPATCH appears to have sent me a letter intended for ISOBEL. "I am worried about my complexion," so the letter runs, "can you tell me of anything which will remove the blotchy appearance?"—As it happens, I know of a splendid complexion specific, which has the advantage of being within the reach of all, viz., to eat a large raw onion every other day. There is only one drawback to this method, and that is that it is absolutely necessary to observe complete seclusion during the beautifying process, since a person with a blotchy complexion may still retain the esteem of the community, but to go about enveloped in an atmosphere of onions is to cut oneself off from the world entirely.

PIURA.—The coastal desert of Peru is 2,000 miles long but only 120 miles broad at its widest part. The rivers and streams that flow through this desert disappear in the dry season and begin to flow again in February or March. One of the most important of these rivers is the Piura, and the "return" of this river is attended with great rejoicing on the part of the people who inhabit its banks. When the time approaches the people eagerly question travellers who come from the head of the valley, and when the water reaches the outskirts of the town its arrival is watched by thousands of persons. A procession is formed, and the first trickling stream is escorted through the town as it makes its way along the dry bed. There are fireworks and music, and the excitement of the inhabitants reaches fever heat before the stream has passed through the town, which has the same name as the river.

OSCULUM writes to point out the interesting fact that kissing is one of the few customs which appear in all ages, all lands, and all peoples. "A fact," says he, "which speaks volumes in favour of this delightful practice."—I am willing to concede that the fact would speak volumes, etc., if it were a fact. But truth compels me to point out that the custom is unknown to several races, including the Australian Aborigines, the Maoris, Papuans, and Esquimaux. It should be added, however, that these races are among the most benighted heathens in the world, and that doubtless when they arrive at a state where they are able to fully appreciate the delights of civilisation, the said practice will become sufficiently universal to satisfy OSCULUM himself.

ON account of the Easter holidays we have to go to press with this number some time in advance of the usual day, and consequently the FRESH AIR FUND list is exceedingly small. I hope, however, that the next batch of acknowledgements will be greater in proportion. As I pointed out last week, it is time for things to look up a bit, or a lot of the children will be disappointed. These lines will be read by thousands who are away from home for a few days' recreation. I appeal directly to such readers to remember those for whom the F.A.F. was brought into existence. I want to suggest a Self-Denial Week. If everybody would deny himself or herself some trifle for one week and forward the amount saved, the sum would be a large one. A man for instance could deny himself in the matter of tobacco, and a woman in the way of sweets.

PRIZE winners could help, too. If every winner were to forward a few pence, the F.A.F. would soon grow. I am quite sure that it is only an oversight on the part of those who have not done so.

W. J. E. L. has written to say that he stores a lot of bicycles for a few hours every Saturday, when people mostly do their cycling, and instead of making a charge he has fixed up a box for the F.A.F., into which the cyclists put whatever they feel inclined. I wish him every success in his undertaking, and hope others will follow his example.

Amount Previously Acknowledged, £268 8s. 11d.
Anon. 7s. 6d.; Paul Anhalt, 2s.; J. Clegg, 6d.; Winner, 6d.; L. W. Judd, 9d.; Wiltshire Jack, 2s. 6d.; G. J. Marritt, 9d.; Noodlerquits, 9d.; Valdar the Off-Born, 1s.; L. Erwood, 2s.; Anon., 4d.

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FOR ALL BILIOUS & NERVOUS DISORDERS,
SUCH AS
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THE SALE IS NOW SIX MILLION BOXES YEARLY.
Prepared only by the Proprietor—
THOMAS BEECHAM, ST. HELENS, LANCASHIRE.
Sold by all Druggists and Patent Medicine Dealers Everywhere.

Why not have Value for Money?

MITCHELL'S
GOLD MEDAL

"PRIZE CROP"
Choice Virginia
CIGARETTES,

WEIGHT FOR MONEY.	PER 8 ^d . OZ.	VALUE IN WEIGHT.
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'A Word to the Wise'



OGDEN'S 'GUINEA-GOLD' CIGARETTES

are the Purest on the Market.

ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY GUINEAS.

THE LATEST! YES, THE LATEST!! THE VERY LATEST

**TO CELEBRATE THE INTRODUCTION OF
SINGER'S MACHINE INSURANCE PLAN**

**VALUE
TEN GUINEAS EACH**

TEN

**VALUE
TEN GUINEAS EACH**

Singer's Sewing Machines

And ONE HUNDRED HALF-GUINEA PRIZES

WILL BE GIVEN AWAY

By THE SINGER MANUFACTURING COMPANY.

If you wish to obtain one of these Useful Presents,

APPLY TO ANY OF SINGER'S BRANCHES OR REPRESENTATIVES, OR SEND A POST-CARD FOR A FORM.

Enter on this Form the Names and Addresses of any of your Relations, Friends, Acquaintances, or otherwise, who you think are likely to purchase either for Cash or on our Easy and New Plan, or exchange their machines for a Singer's Sewing Machine under the new and generous conditions, and return the Form to London, or to any of SINGER'S Branches or Representatives not later than Saturday, May 20th.

The TEN MACHINES will be DISTRIBUTED amongst the TEN PERSONS whose LISTS PRODUCE the BEST RESULTS (SALES) within two months from May 20th.

A Rare Chance for Girls and Youths, and to encourage such and also those who have no urgent need of a Sewing Machine.

One Hundred Half-Guinea Prizes will be Given Away under Similar Conditions.

Employees of the Company are excluded from this Competition.

This Competition applies only to Great Britain and Ireland.

The Company's Decision will be Final.

Envelopes must be marked "Singer's Insurance." The names of the Hundred and Ten Successful Applicants will be published in the top right-hand corner of the last white page of "The Site" dated Saturday, September 2nd.

The following is a brief description of our new Machine Insurance Plan:

IF YOU BUY A SINGER'S SEWING MACHINE FOR HOUSEWORK FOR CASH,

SINGER'S
WILL INSURE IT AGAINST FIRE FREE FOR ONE YEAR.

IF YOU HIRE
They will INSURE the MACHINE and grant you other BENEFITS ON EASY AND REASONABLE CONDITIONS.

Machine Insurance—LIFE.

Machine Insurance—FIRE.

Machine Insurance—STRIKES.

Machine Insurance—SICKNESS.

Machine Insurance—ACCIDENT.

Machine Insurance—HARD TIMES.

Machine Insurance—OUT OF WORK.

OLD AND NEW CUSTOMERS BENEFIT ALIKE

Customers who pay 1s. 6d. or more per week get SPECIAL BENEFIT.

THIS INSURANCE ONLY APPLIES TO GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

WE DO NOT MAKE OR SELL CYCLES OF ANY KIND.

MANAGEMENT FOR GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND:

42 and 43 ST. PAUL'S CHURCHYARD, LONDON, E.

BRANCH OFFICES EVERYWHERE.

All Communications respecting Advertisements should be sent to the Advertisement Department, "PEARSON'S WEEKLY" Office, HENRIETTA STREET, LONDON, W.